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EDITORIAL

POISON GAS, UP TWO BUCKS

India's Supreme Court has just directed the Union Carbide Corporation to pay $470 million in damages to victims of the 1984 Bhopal disaster. Here are some other figures to think about: $3.3 billion, the amount sought by the Indian government in 1986 on behalf of more than 500,000 claimants; $450 million, the total available to Union Carbide in insurance coverage and potential liability reserves; $600 million, the sum the corporation now plans to spend on upgrading two plants in Texas and Louisiana.

And $0.50, the maximum retroactive charge the settlement will impose per share of Union Carbide stock against 1988 profits; $1.09, the net profit per share that remains after this charge is applied; $50, the likely value of a share should the company become a candidate for a leveraged buyout now that its troubles are over; $7 billion, market analysts' estimate of a possible takeover figure.

Then there is the human tragedy of Bhopal, as reported in this country's business pages. The court decision "ends the company's long international nightmare" and "lifts a heavy burden from Carbide" (*The Wall Street Journal*). And also a cast of characters fit for a miniseries: Warren Anderson, the haunted former C.E.O., now freed from charges of culpable homicide; his successor, Robert Kennedy, who has led the rebirth of a leaner, meaner corporation; and Bud Holman, head of Union Carbide's legal team, who compares the experience of the past four years to "walking up a pitch-black, winding staircase. . . . Then all of a sudden it's light, and it's over."

Not if you're a child in Bhopal blinded by methyl isocyanate. Or one of the other victims of this industrial dereliction who are still dying at the rate of one a day. And, oh yes, one more figure: $2, the rise in the price of a Union Carbide share the day the settlement was announced.

COUNTING STALIN'S DEAD
Alexander Cockburn

YUGOSLAVIA ON THE BRINK
Slavenka Drakulić

TESTING ON HUMANS
Jane Kay

HOPE AND RUIN IN THE BRONX
Camilo José Vergara

CANON FODDER
Gerald Graff and William E. Cain

ART OF SIENA
Arthur C. Danto

TALCOTT PARSONS' ROLE

BRINGING NAZI SYMPATHIZERS TO THE U.S.

JON WIENER

Talcott Parsons, perhaps the most influential American sociologist of the twentieth century, worked with Army Intelligence officers and State Department officials after World War II in an operation to smuggle Nazi collaborators into the country as Soviet studies experts. According to documents discovered by Charles O'Connell, a graduate student at the University of California, Los Angeles, Parsons went to Germany during the summer of 1948 and interviewed Russian exiles who had worked for the Nazis; along with Army Intelligence officers, he proposed ways to circumvent government policies that barred Nazi collaborators from obtaining U.S. visas.

Parsons was teaching at Harvard University in 1948, but when he traveled to the American zone of occupied Germany that summer he entered the world of Nazis and collaborationist expatriates who desperately wanted to avoid prosecution for their crimes. They hoped to use their knowledge of the Soviet Union to obtain the protection of the U.S. government, now committed to a cold war with the Russians. Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons," traveled in this crowd, as is documented in the Marcel Ophuls film *Hotel Terminus*. Many of these Nazis and their abettors had already succeeded in convincing Army Intelligence officers and the newly established Central Intelligence Agency that the United States needed them; Talcott Parsons believed Harvard University needed some of them too, for its Russian Research Center.

Parsons, a sociologist

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LETTERS.

THE FEMINIST PALETTE

New York City

Maureen Mullarkey's dismissal of *Women, Art, and Power and Other Essays* by Linda Nochlin is a disturbing attack not only on feminism but also on women artists as such ["Recent Orthodoxies," Dec. 19]. Mullarkey makes fun of such "dogmatic" phrases as "the patriarchal discourse of power over women," but her review is an excellent example of exactly that. Why the condescending, factually skewed attack on Florine Stettheimer, a marvelous, wildly neglected New York painter, for (of all things!) being overrepresented in New York museums? Stettheimer is hardly a fixture of the Modernist canon and few of her paintings are on public view. Mullarkey would do well to read Pamela Wye's "Florine Stettheimer: Eccentric Power, Invisible Tradition" (M/E/A/N/I/N/G 3, 1988) for a lucid and poignant discussion of this artist's *in*visibility.

Mullarkey goes on to undermine Nochlin's discussion of Berthe Morisot by insisting on her personal preference for Mary Cassatt—as if the intelligent viewer has to choose between these two women artists. Mullarkey's antifeminist ideology is best illustrated when she writes of the feminist art history movement in general that it is "less a revolution than a promotional tactic." Feminist art history, at its best, does champion women artists, who continue to be largely written out of art history. Nochlin's essays reflect a highly individual, indeed *un*orthodox critique of the assumptions of mainstream art writing. While Mullarkey asserts that feminist claims for Stettheimer and Morisot are somehow discredited by these artists' close association with men, Nochlin rejects this type of political dogmatism. In the end, Mullarkey loses credibility because of her uncritical adoption of the rhetoric of "*master*-piece" art history—a rhetoric Nochlin incisively analyzes. There are problems with feminist art criticism that need to be addressed, but this outright rejection of the most basic claims of feminism is not useful. *The Nation* can do better.

Susan Bee
Mira Schor
Editors, M/E/A/N/I/N/G

AD FEMINEM

New York City

Congratulations. *The Nation* has come a long way: It has found a female critic to act as hatchet man in delivering an ad feminem attack on Linda Nochlin's book *Women, Art, and Power and Other Essays.* Given the radical nature of Nochlin's work, the appearance of a conservative review is not in itself surprising, but Maureen Mullarkey's commentary amounts to an exercise in gratuitous hostility. The book is a collection of essays by an art historian who has profoundly redefined the ways in which the relations between gender, politics and culture are understood to be represented. Indeed the essays anthologized here, dating from 1971, have during recent decades transformed the terrain of modern art history. Nochlin's work consistently demands serious attention, but *The Nation* instead has published a review that is irresponsible in the extreme. Mullarkey has provided a reactionary—one might say neoconservative—response that goes so far as to liken Nochlin, a broad-minded leftist intellectual, to a Third Reich pedant!

Mullarkey has completely missed the implications of Nochlin's approach. For example, Mullarkey's point of departure is exactly the sort of idealist art history that Nochlin assiduously seeks to dismantle. Mullarkey calls art history "the history of human excellence"; whereas Nochlin is explicitly *not* involved in elitist, art-market rankings of artists. As a reviewer Mullarkey assumes that there are fixed standards of quality and a hierarchy of artists and works of art to which one should bow. Nochlin, on the other hand, analyzes culture in its social context to explore how values are produced, propounded through representation, and are constantly subject to reevaluation. Mullarkey wants to restore the most conservative version of art historical investigation, one based on "objective" analysis. She praises Nochlin only when the author obediently "stays close to her sources," and she criticizes as "cultural vigilantism and censorship" Nochlin's more polemical approach to history. Typical of Mullarkey's own rather narrow definition of art—and feminism!—is her chiding of Nochlin for discussing a lesser work by Berthe Morisot (or for discussing Morisot at all, since she is "secondary"). Instead she makes a plea for reconsideration of Barbara Hepworth, "too long in the shadow of Henry Moore," and other women "who do not have the required ideology or the party circuit to run interference for their work." Here Mullarkey projects a role for the art historian as judge (or bouncer): This is completely contrary to Nochlin's project.

Mullarkey is the most politically compromised when she attacks the "feminist art movement." Not only does she treat this multicultural, multiracial, multinational movement as if it were a monolithic phenomenon but she also dismisses it rather sweepingly as a "trick" and "a promotional tactic" that led to "an immodest, not necessarily proficient, self-assertive level of amateurism." Here the reader is treated to a childish tirade against imagined exclusion from a (nonexistent) girls' club.

Such writing does *The Nation* and its readers a disservice. Clearly, Mullarkey has a right to her opinion, but not at the expense of a serious consideration of Nochlin's book. Nochlin's essays are a major contribution to the feminisms voiced in the art world and in cultural studies, fields that in the past were dominated by men but peopled with women. Now, finally, these fields are beginning to promote discussion by and about women. If *The Nation* is to be taken seriously as a journal of progressive political thought it must recognize the importance of these cultural debates to the larger project of social change and not perpetuate myths of a separate, Arcadian realm of art. In this respect, Mullarkey's yuppified, tally-sheet aesthetics suggest that it is she, not Nochlin, who seeks to return to the values of the 1950s.

Maud Lavin
Eunice Lipton
Sally Stein
Brian Wallis

MULLARKEY REPLIES

Brooklyn

Women are ill served by cant, false premises and ideological titillation. My criticism of the way Nochlin deduces what she takes to be true, what *must* be true, is interpreted as an assassination of all feminist art historians, women artists and feminism itself. The logic is ungainly, to use as cheerful a word as possible. My correspondents weigh in with a flourish of predictable accusations but no serious grasp of Nochlin's agenda or any concrete knowledge of the feminist art movement. And their concentration wanders when they read.

Which facts on Stettheimer are skewed? Editors Susan Bee and Mira Schor cannot specify. They can only plug their own gazette, hardly a cognitive triumph since it has left them no quotable information. I recommend Parker Tyler's *Florine Stettheimer: A Life in Art*, the basis of all subsequent inquiries. Within ten years of her death, Stettheimer's work had been distributed to thirty-five American museums. That is not wild neglect. Attacked for being "overrepresented in New York"? Not even close. B/S keep getting it wrong. I called the feminist *art* movement a promotional tactic, not the "feminist art history movement in general." Such scrupulous inattention puts a damper on argument.

My review objected to the opportunistic politicizing of Stettheimer and Morisot, highly privileged and apolitical women. It made no objection to their associations with men as such. Nevertheless, the singular *nature* of Stettheimer's associations—flatterer, entertainer, habitué of glamour—are worth noting to appreciate the banality of Nochlin's depiction of her as the Rosa Luxemburg of camp.

Dictating aesthetic choices is Nochlin's mission, not mine. Even the *lumpen*intelligentsia should have caught that. Nochlin is not subtle in her insistence on what she calls "the inextricability of moral or political judgments from aesthetic ones." In other words, the aesthetic value of art lies in its

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EDITORIALS.

Tea Bag Party

In the Soviet Union these days they sentence bureaucrats to long prison terms for such crimes of blatant elitism and cynical self-service as the 535 members of the U.S. Congress very nearly pulled off without punishment. For while the mills of *perestroika* grind fine upon an overweening bureaucracy, the ordinary procedures of politics in this country are poorly prepared to deal with undemocracy in the bloated public sector. The issue here was of course the 51 percent pay raise that Congress wanted—and could have had, automatically, by the simple expedient of not voting against it. Congress lost it, in more ways than one, and a fresh breeze of populism and participatory politics wafted into Washington.

Over the past two decades, eight upward adjustments of salaries, pensions and perks (bureaucratese for gorging at the public trough) have gone through without a hitch. The system sidesteps every pretense of accountability. A nine-member "bipartisan" commission, composed entirely of millionaires and multimillionaires, recommends the raises, which then go into effect if they are not explicitly repealed. The President is happy to sign off when the time comes; after all, many of the judges and senior bureaucrats included in the salary spiral are political appointees, and Congress itself

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is always appreciative of the executive's favors.

But this time the people said no. Not the people's elected representatives, or the people's tribunes in the press, or the managers of the people's affairs. Ordinary folks who haven't had an inkling of their own power since the 1960s—if then—found ways to be heard, and to magnify their voices.

Ralph Nader and his public interest cadres have been fighting Congressional pay raises for years, without success, but this latest campaign caught on in ways the others had not. It's grueling work. Nader appeared on more than 200 radio and TV talk shows. Naderites alerted, informed and lobbied the media, sent out a slew of fact sheets, corrected Congress' skewed statistics and generally burnt up the phone and fax lines with an all-out effort to kill the raise.

Looking back, Nader says, the turning point came last December 16—"the umpteenth anniversary of the Boston Tea Party"—when a listener called a radio talk show in Detroit to suggest a "tea bag party" to protest the pay raise. A populist nerve had been touched. Forty or more talk show hosts networked, Nader reports, and the *intifada* went national. Soon, hundreds of thousands of tea bags poured into Congressional offices.

Some independent television stations and many radio talk show hosts joined in the protest, but the major networks—and the major national newspapers—remained disdainful or downright hostile to the popular uprising. Media insiders, after all, hitch their careers to their bureaucratic sources and their ideology to managerial values.

The bipartisan elite closed ranks. Many liberal "public interest" lobbies who depend on Congress for legislative favors supported the raise, and liberal columnists, such as David Broder and Tom Wicker, took the managerial line that higher salaries would improve the quality of public service by senior bureaucrats and would encourage men and women of modest means to run for public office. "Does anyone really believe," Nader asks, "if George Shultz or Caspar Weinberger earned 50 percent more in 1981 they would have been more inclined to reduce waste and increase efficiency in their departments? There's absolutely no evidence that more pay produces more integrity, commitment and dedication in public service."

Unlike many other protest movements in recent years (those concerned with nuclear weapons, nuclear energy and toxic waste, for example) the grass-roots campaign against the pay raise was a working-class revolt. It was about economic equity and social empowerment. Like last November's successful campaign in California against high auto insurance rates, a campaign also initiated by Nader, it targeted institutions that have specifically disregarded the concerns of low-income citizens. The needs of a managerial class (in insurance or the Federal bureaucracy) were pitted against the needs of the consuming class. It was a textbook case of social conflict.

Why did the revolt succeed in 1989? "The ideas are out there," Nader thinks. Eight years of egregious hypocrisy have taken their toll on the credibility of political institutions. Former President Reagan and successive Congresses have conspired to cut social services across the board while handing unprecedented benefits to the rich. There was a genuine, if spotty, populist resurgence during the political campaigns of 1988, both nationally and locally. Participatory politics is again coming into fashion. Talk radio allows people access to the media at a time when the traditional press is becoming self-satisfied and aloof. Perhaps even *perestroika* has had an influence on the American political consciousness. And if that is true, might we not be in the mood for a few big show trials featuring the venal politicians who have made a killing, so to speak, in the public trusts?

STAFF NOTE

With this issue Elsa Dixler, who has been serving as acting literary editor following Elizabeth Pochoda's departure for the *New York Post*, becomes our new literary editor. (Betsy will remain a member of *The Nation*'s editorial board.)

Before joining *The Nation* as associate editor in 1984, Elsa was an assistant professor of American history at Vassar College; managing editor of *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society*; managing editor of the Feminist Press; and an editor in McGraw-Hill's general books division.

At *The Nation*, Elsa has specialized in feminism, the labor movement and domestic social policy. From 1986 to 1987 she was acting executive editor, and most recently she served as editorial director of a projected line of *Nation* books. We welcome Elsa to her new domain.

Barbara Tuchman

We didn't always agree with Barbara Wertheim Tuchman, who died of a stroke February 6, nor she with us. (Our last letter from her, not written for publication, took *The Nation* to task for treating Yasir Arafat as a P.L.O. moderate.) But we respected her for her independence, her strength of character, her vivid prose, her uncredentialed ambition and refusal to be cowed by academic historians. And we like to think that her civil war dispatches from Spain as a 24-year-old *Nation* correspondent and her work as an assistant editor here helped this determined young woman and relentless researcher to hone the accessible style that eventually won her two Pulitzer Prizes. Barbara Tuchman's ties to *The Nation* were personal and familial: Her father, Maurice Wertheim, was briefly the magazine's publisher (he turned it over to Freda Kirchwey, then its senior editor, when he disagreed with the magazine's endorsement of F.D.R.'s court-packing plan, among other things); her late sister, Josephine Pomerance, was a longtime *Nation* financial supporter; and Anne Werner, her surviving sister, has contributed to *The Nation* in a variety of capacities, not the

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least of them as film critic. We will miss Barbara Tuchman, a valuable member of our overlapping families.

Manley Returns

The February 9 election to power of Michael Manley and the People's National Party (P.N.P.) is the first good news to come out of Jamaica in almost a decade. From 1972 to 1980, Manley led a controversial experiment in democratic socialism that was hailed by supporters as a path between capitalism and communism and vilified by opponents as a bridgehead for Cuba, the Soviet Union and assorted other forces of evil. The experiment ended in demoralization and disillusionment. Important reforms had given a sense of hope to "the sufferers," the country's destitute majority. But elements of foreign and internal opposition, headed by the right-wing Jamaica Labor Party (J.L.P.), conducted a six-year smear campaign that frightened away tourists and investors, charged economic mismanagement and encouraged an atmosphere of tension and violence, one that produced almost 1,000 political murders in the last year of the Manley government.

The election of Edward Seaga and the J.L.P. in 1980 was based on a vow of sound economic management—"money will soon be jingling in people's pockets," Seaga promised—and achieved by the defection of the P.N.P.'s middle-class supporters and many of the sufferers, who had been terrorized by the violence. Money did indeed start jingling, but in a festival for the rich: The country was flooded with videocassette recorders, new cars and satellite dishes. But exports could not keep up with the frenzied consumption of imports, and in all but the final year of Seaga's rule, the trade deficit was two to three times worse than under Manley. The J.L.P. boasted of the jobs it had created, but most were in the new, low-wage export processing zones or in fanciful agricultural schemes that later failed. Worst of all, the remote Seaga oversaw a steady erosion of vital health and education programs.

Michael Manley's re-election brings to office some familiar faces but a fundamentally different P.N.P. in a radically changed situation. Manley has bent over backward to woo U.S. government and business leaders, while reiterating his commitment to new health and education programs. He stresses that he will avoid the flights of rhetoric that opponents seized on last time around.

But the point is not only that Manley has moved toward the social democratic center. Jamaica too has changed. The enthusiasm born of the black power movements of the late 1960s and the rise of Third World nationalism in the early 1970s created an atmosphere in which anything seemed possible. Inside and outside the P.N.P., the left was strong. Almost two decades later the left is marginal in the party; other left-wing forces, particularly the Workers Party of Jamaica, have disintegrated. Under Seaga, the foreign debt soared to $4.2 billion, representing the highest per capita debt in the Third World. At least one in five Jamaicans is out of work, and the P.N.P. will be under intense scrutiny from enemies who have not forgotten the 1970s. Manley himself, though still a charismatic figure, has had serious health problems in recent years and may choose to step down before his term is over, perhaps to address himself to broader North-South concerns.

What can Manley do? The key to success may lie not simply in social programs, even though new spending on health and education is an urgent priority. Likewise, the notion of the "sound economic management" that Manley promises is deceptive, for the problem is not one of managing the oppressive status quo but of bringing about economic transformation. He is wise in avoiding the rhetoric of the 1970s; after all, why rattle a saber at the United States if you don't have to? And any dreams of an ambitious program of nationalization or of redistributing wealth would be misplaced, for there is precious little to redistribute.

The way forward may lie instead mostly in developing new economic, social and political institutions that can begin to shift the bases of power in Jamaican society, even within a mixed economy. This would include the resumption of efforts begun in the 1970s to build open-membership community councils to put the means of decision-making in the hands of the people, to identify unused human and natural resources and to challenge the so-called political tribalism that has plagued the country for forty-five years. Such a program would include the redistribution of vast amounts of idle land to poor farmers. Other initiatives from the 1970s could also be profitably revived, such as establishing new forms of community-owned economic institutions and cooperatives—this time with proper financing and training. Promoting forms of worker control of production could help boost output and prevent capital flight. And on the education front, any shift in power would also require breaking from the mold of a rigid and hierarchical school system, inherited from the British.

The coming years will not be a replay of the 1970s. But if the P.N.P. focuses on redirecting Jamaica toward the empowerment of the poor majority, it can take an important step toward rebuilding a fractured society and consigning the expression "the sufferers" to the history books.

MICHAEL KAUFMAN

Michael Kaufman is deputy director of the Center for Research on Latin America and the Caribbean at York University, in Toronto, and author of Jamaica Under Manley: Dilemmas of Socialism and Democracy *(Zed Books).*

COMING UP

Gore Vidal and others respond to Darrell Yates Rist's February 13 *Nation* essay on AIDS, "The Deadly Costs of an Obsession"

Martin Edwin Andersen on Argentina's "dirty war"

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

A Million Here, A Million There

These heady days in Moscow, Soviet intellectuals will do anything to get their names in the papers, in a kind of bidding frenzy for the favors of *glasnost*. At the start of February the tabloid *Argumenti i Fakti* reported that the historian Roy Medvedev had proposed that Stalin's victims amounted to some 20 million. From Moscow, Bill Keller relayed this to his editors at *The New York Times*, who on February 4 ran a front-page headline announcing, "Major Soviet Paper Says 20 Million Died As Victims of Stalin," with the lead paragraph reiterating Medvedev's claim that "about 20 million died in labor camps, forced collectivization, famine and executions."

My immediate reservation about this was that the total figure seemed to have an insouciant roundness and also that there seemed to be a suspect symmetry about the number 20 million, which is the same total normally reckoned for Soviet losses in the war against Hitler.

Looking through Medvedev's breakdown, one may rapidly perceive that the word "million" really means "a lot," with no substantive precision beyond this vague imputation of multitude. As relayed by Keller these volumes are expressed as "one million imprisoned or exiled from 1927 to 1929," or "nine to 11 million of the more prosperous peasants driven from their lands" and so on. In the end we are left with an overall figure of 40 million who, on Medvedev's account, had an awful or terminal time of it between 1927 and 1953, with 20 million actually killed.

I have been interested to find that well-qualified historians of the Soviet Union and demographers in the United States who have studied the period and the enormously contentious numbers regard Medvedev's claims as absurd. Sheila Fitzpatrick, professor of history at the University of Texas in Austin, tells me that there is "no serious basis for his calculations" and that privately some Soviet demographers and historians find Medvedev's calculations embarrassingly bad. She gave a couple of examples to explain why she thought Medvedev's numbers ridiculous.

Medvedev claims that 9 million to 11 million prosperous peasants were driven from their lands and another 2 million to 3 million arrested or exiled in the forced collectivization of the early 1930s. But, Fitzpatrick says, Medvedev makes no distinction between those who left their villages voluntarily and those who left by force. This was the era of industrialization, and many of Medvedev's millions were moving to the towns. Medvedev also bases his figures on the assumption that the average peasant family in the late 1920s had eight members, whereas in fact five was the normal size.

Fitzpatrick cited the famous conversation of 1942 between Churchill and Stalin as another flimsy source often used by some to show that 10 million peasants died in collectivization. In his war memoir *The Hinge of Fate*, Churchill describes how he raised with Stalin the topic of collectivization:

> "Tell me," I asked, "have the stresses of this war been as bad to you personally as carrying through the policy of the Collective Farms?"
>
> This subject immediately aroused the Marshal.
>
> "Oh, no," he said, "the Collective Farm policy was a terrible struggle."
>
> "I thought you would have found it bad," said I, "because you were not dealing with a few score thousands of aristocrats or big landowners, but with millions of small men."
>
> "Ten millions," he said, holding up his hands. "It was fearful. Four years it lasted. It was absolutely necessary for Russia, if we were to avoid periodic famines. . . ."

It's clear enough that Stalin was here indicating the number of peasants he had to deal with, not the number who died. Fitzpatrick said that in a recent issue of *Pravda* the Soviet historian Victor P. Danilov concurred with several historians in the West that approximately 3 million to 4 million people died in the famine. But where does that leave us on the matter of the purges?

In 1946 the demographer Frank Lorimer, studying data from the Soviet census of 1926 and of 1939 and all available information on fertility and mortality between those dates, calculated in his renowned work *The Population of the Soviet Union* that "excess" deaths—that is, in Lorimer's case, a comparison of the reported total population in 1939 with the expected population at that date, given the count in 1925 and everything known about fertility, mortality and migration between the two years—amounted to somewhere between 4.5 million and 5 million, though this total included perhaps several hundred thousand emigrants, such as those Central Asian nomads moving into Sinkiang to avoid collectivization. In their 1979 volume, *How the Soviet Union Is Governed*, Jerry Hough and Merle Fainsod generally supported Lorimer's calculations and concluded that more extreme Western estimates "cannot be sustained." Rather, "a smaller—but still horrifying—number" of "maybe some 3.5 million" emerges as the direct or indirect result of collectivization in the early 1930s.

With respect to the purges of 1937 and 1938, Hough and Fainsod again criticize excessive Western estimates and report that on the evidence of extant demographic data "the number of deaths in the purge would certainly be placed in the hundreds of thousands rather than in excess of a million." Indeed, "a figure in the low hundreds of thousands seems much more probable than one in the high hundreds of thousands, and even George Kennan's estimate of 'tens of thousands' is quite conceivable, maybe even probable."

At the far end of the spectrum from Hough and Fainsod is the British *chevalier de la guerre froide* Robert Conquest, who has counted 20 million excess deaths under Stalin before 1939, this estimate being cited in "The Stalin Question Since Stalin" by the limber Stephen Cohen. In this essay Cohen informs his readers that Conquest's 20 million figure and kindred estimates are "conservative," without mentioning other counts by scholars which make Conquest's figure

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wildly inflated. He concludes his observations by saying, "Judged only by the number of victims, and leaving aside important differences between the two regimes, Stalinism created a holocaust greater than Hitler's."

In this decade the most significant scholarly battle on the subject has been waged between Stephen Wheatcroft and Steven Rosefielde, with the former taking the latter to task for demographic crudities and sensationalism. In *Slavic Review* for 1985 Wheatcroft wrote, "All of these extremely large estimates ignore basic demographic changes in Soviet society and accept inaccurate and non-comparable population figures." Wheatcroft reckons "these wildly unscholarly estimates serve neither science nor morality" and writes, "It is no betrayal of them [the victims] nor an apologia for Stalin to state that there is no demographic evidence to indicate a population loss of more than six million between 1926 and 1939 or more than 3 or 4 million in the famine. Scholarship must be guided by reason and not emotion."

In an essay that has received widespread respect, Barbara Anderson and Brian Silver supported Wheatcroft. Their "Demographic Analysis and Population Catastrophes in the USSR," also in *Slavic Review* for 1985, dismisses Rosefielde and estimates excess deaths from 1926 to 1939, to persons alive in 1926, as anywhere from 0.5 million to 5.5 million, depending on high, medium or low assumptions about life expectancy, with the medium figure at 3.5 million. They regard some estimates of those born between 1927 and 1938 as inflated, and calculations of same "extremely sensitive to any inaccuracy in the data."

Conquest, now at the Hoover Institution in Stanford, told my colleague Rich McKerrow that Medvedev's numbers are "obviously in the right range," though "perhaps he's spread them wrong" and "I'm not sure where he gets them from." He slighted Anderson and Silver's work as the product of demography rather than sovietology and derided Hough and Fainsod's figures as "improbable."

From the University of Michigan, Professor Anderson told us that Conquest "wouldn't know a number if it bit him" and noted that her work with Silver had won respect from Soviet demographers and also from Danilov. Medvedev's computations she found to be "ludicrous."

No doubt some will be eager to conclude that the foregoing is somehow an attempt to exonerate Stalin, dismiss the purges as got up by Western propaganda. By way of response, the following observation of Hough and Fainsod is salutary:

> Some persons seem instinctively to object to [our] figures on the ground that the Great Purge was so horrible that the number of deaths cannot have been so 'low'. We must not become so insensitive to the value of human life, however, that we dismiss tens of thousands of deaths as insignificant and need to exaggerate the number by ten, twenty, thirty, forty times to touch our feelings of horror.

The task is obviously to try to arrive at truth, but many such estimates evidently have a regulatory ideological function, with an exponential momentum so great that now any computation that does not soar past 10 million is somehow taken as evidence of being soft on Stalin. One can find an analogy in current writing on the French Revolution, where the passionately anti-Jacobin René Sédillot has produced a book addressing the matter of the Revolution's human cost in which he boils up, by very questionable means, a casualty figure of 400,000, far in excess of any previous estimate. Professor Charles Tilly of The New School in New York counts total deaths in the Revolution, including the Terror, famine and war, at no more than 100,000.

The symmetry that calculations such as Medvedev's seeks to establish between Stalin and Hitler performs, in its service to ideology, similar injury to history. Hitler wanted to exterminate the Jews and the gypsies, and though accuracy is important, it does not alter the moral scale of this horror one iota to propose that in pursuit of this design Hitler may have in reality killed a million less or a million more than the conventional estimate. Evil though he was, Stalin did not plan or seek to accomplish genocide, and to say that he and Hitler had the same project in mind (or, as right-wing German historians now argue, that Stalin somehow put Hitler up to it) is to do disservice to history and to truth.

My Mistake and Theirs

In a lapse of judgment entirely inexplicable in retrospect, I said something faintly polite about Irving Howe a couple of columns ago. What provoked this gentility were some critical remarks Howe had made about Elie Wiesel at the *Tikkun* conference in New York. I apologize for this act of intellectual opportunism. Howe is by far the slimier of the two, repositioning himself as times change and tastes shift. At least Wiesel does not keep one eye cocked for the latest fashions but sticks to his guns even when his disgusting position becomes unpopular.

I should add that in the Winter 1989 issue of Howe's *Dissent*, Ruth Wisse begins a letter to that journal as follows: "In the May 7 issue of the *Nation*," Wisse writes, "I was accused of moral insensitivity by Alexander Cockburn, which is like having been accused of murder by Stalin." I had indeed been censorious, noting Wisse's laconic remark in *Commentary* that "Palestinian Arabs . . . breed and bleed and advertise their misery."

In some comically tortured lines in her letter Wisse tries to justify her lamentable sentence:

> Guilty as the phrase may be of facile alliteration, its obvious point was to introduce the power of Palestinian Arab reality—people who multiply just as the demographers say they do; people who suffer as in Shylock's 'Doth not a Jew *bleed*?'; and people whose misery is also cultivated by their fellow Arabs and used as an offensive weapon against the Jews. There is nothing slighting in my attitude to the Arabs. To the contrary. I seem to be almost alone in crediting them with very high intelligence in waging their war against the Jewish state.

So that's all right then.

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ The Odd Couple

It seems like a strange match: John Hull and Lee Hamilton. Hull is the U.S. rancher in Costa Rica who has aided the *contras* and the C.I.A. Hamilton is the liberal Democrat who chaired the House Iran/*contra* committee. After Hull was arrested in Costa Rica and charged with drug trafficking and spying, Hamilton and eighteen other House members sent a letter to Costa Rican President Oscar Arias requesting that he investigate "to ensure that the charges against [Hull] have been brought with just cause and to ensure that his rights . . . are protected."

The letter originated with Representative David Dreier, a conservative Republican who admires Hull, but it attracted a number of liberal Democratic signers. In addition to Hamilton there was Gary Ackerman, Douglas Bosco, Peter Kostmayer and Mary Rose Oakar. Aides to some of them insist that the Democrats, no fans of Hull, just want to make certain due process is granted an American citizen abroad. But one line in the letter stood out: "It is our hope that Mr. Hull's case can be concluded promptly and that it will be handled in a manner that will not complicate U.S.-Costa Rican relations." Costa Rican Information Minister Guido Fernandez justifiably saw this as a "veiled threat." Aides to the signatories, including Dreier, deny the intent was to threaten Arias. "We did not want to exert pressure," said one of the liberals' aides. "But whether or not the people who had a hand in writing it felt the same way is not clear." He politely suggested Hamilton and other Democrats may have been duped by Dreier. "This is one of those cases," he added, "when perception becomes the reality."

■ Quayle's Own Drug Czar

When Dan Quayle was preparing for his maiden vice presidential voyage to Latin America, he sent for Col. Nestor Pino-Maria, a leading ultraconservative at the Pentagon. The two probably saw eye to eye on Nicaragua. Pino-Maria, a Bay of Pigs veteran, told us last year that opponents of aid to the *contras* were guilty of "treason." But does Quayle share the colonel's lenient attitude toward drug hustlers? In 1986, Pino-Maria served as a character witness for José Bueso Rosa, the Honduran general convicted of conspiring to murder his country's President. The plot, according to U.S. prosecutors in Florida, was to have been financed by a $10 million cocaine deal. For Pino-Maria all that mattered was the general's status as an "outstanding" friend of the United States.

■ Cool With Nukes

Senator Tim Wirth, the Democrat from Colorado, wants to save the world from global warming, and he hopes to do it with the help of nuclear power. In an effort to develop a national energy policy aimed at reducing pollutants that might contribute to the greenhouse effect, this environmentalist has proposed that $500 million be spent on research and development of a new generation of nuclear reactor.

The probable correlation between higher temperatures and emissions from oil- and coal-burning power plants has sparked talk of expanding nuclear power. Wirth and others have embraced so-called passively safe reactors. These plants, which would use new technology that even critics concede lessens the chance of a meltdown, would still be costly and produce radioactive waste. Last year Wirth proposed funding a demonstration model. Environmentalists assailed that idea, and this year Wirth has stuck only to R&D. The environmentalists are hoping to convince him to dump the nuclear provision altogether. That may be hard for Wirth. He is a member of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee, which is chaired by J. Bennett Johnston, a strong advocate of nuclear power. Johnston's staff wrote the nuclear part of Wirth's bill last year, according to a lobbyist who tracked the legislation. If Wirth wants to be a true environmental hero, he will have to buck his powerful committee chair.

■ Swinging With Émigrés

Last year George Bush was nabbed collaborating with anti-Semites and Nazi sympathizers who, as Eastern European émigrés, sat on the ethnic outreach committees of his campaign and the Republican Party. Bush never denounced these supporters. The scandal soon faded, and his refusal to condemn the scoundrels never became an issue. Why didn't Bush repudiate the extremists? As an internal Bush campaign document shows, this was a matter of politics—in particular swing districts.

Myron Wasylyk, director of the campaign's ethnic program, cautioned in a memorandum that Bush had to be careful not to say anything that would upset the émigrés. If he did, Wasylyk warned, groups "with particular sensitivities, such as the Ukrainians and Balts, will view the Vice President as being weak under pressure." This, he explained, would hurt Bush "in swing vote areas" such as Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and the entire state of New Jersey. Wasylyk feared a replay of 1976, when Gerald Ford lost support within Eastern European ethnic communities after observing that Poland and Eastern bloc countries were free of Soviet control. Rather than speak out against anti-Semitism, Bush took the advice and Wasylyk's nightmare was averted.

■ Novak: Outstanding Catholic Layman

On a bitter cold Washington morning our colleague Paul Singer attended a conference on U.S. foreign aid held in a well-heated room at the American Enterprise Institute. At one point an audience member questioned the propriety of foreign aid when there is so much domestic suffering, particularly homelessness. "Homelessness is a misnomer," responded Michael Novak, an A.E.I. "scholar" and the conference moderator. "It really refers to people who are publicly dependent." He explained, "A lot of these people have homes or a place to live" but are just looking for a handout. He also observed that "stirring up compassion for the homeless . . . makes homelessness acceptable, thus it expands. We are feeding it, not stopping it."

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ARTICLES.

ETHNIC NATIONALISM

Yugoslavia's New Political Truth

SLAVENKA DRAKULIĆ

One respected political columnist has called 1988 "the year of lost illusions" in Yugoslavia. She hardly overstates the crisis: ethnic nationalistic rallies of more than 1 million people, prolonged and angry strikes, constitutional amendments diminishing the rights of the provinces, the routing of the government in autonomous Vojvodina and the warning by President Raif Dizdarević that the government might need to resort to "extraordinary measures."

At the end of the year Prime Minister Branko Mikulić and his entire Cabinet quit—the first such government resignation since World War II. The collapsing economy was one reason: The country's gross national product has been falling steadily, and inflation is now more than 250 percent. But Mikulić decamped because of the hardening political situation as well. Just how fraught with bitterness it has become was demonstrated in mid-January, when a mob of 120,000 people in Titograd forced the entire republican government and party leadership of Montenegro to step down. Then, at a Politburo meeting in the beginning of February, the military publicly entered the political arena for the first time. Adm. Petar Simić, political chief of the armed forces, warned that the military will confront anyone trying to break up Yugoslavia.

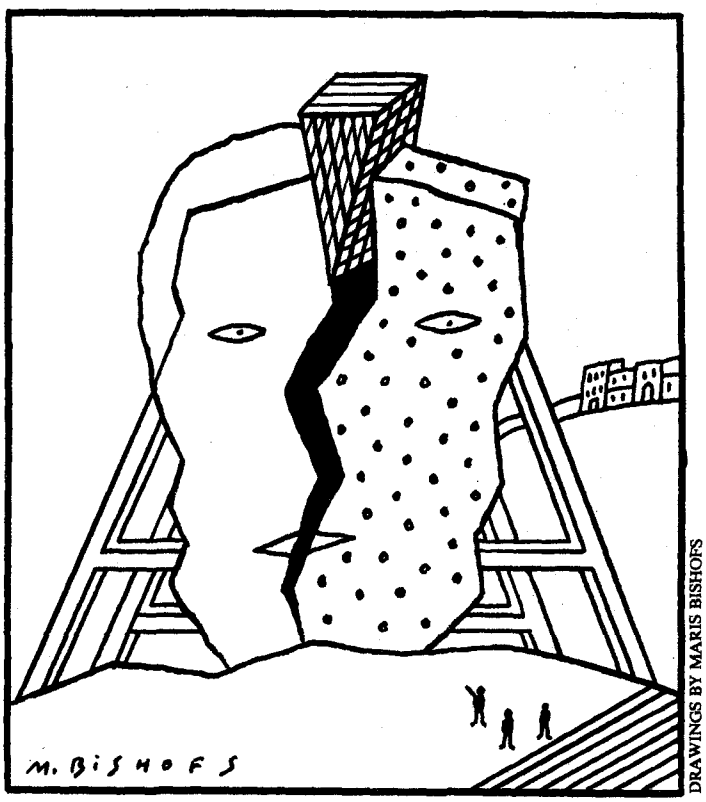
I watch these traumatic events in my homeland from the middle of the United States and try to explain to my American friends what is going on. But even people living in Yugoslavia find the developments difficult to comprehend. They are easier to *feel*—as if someone were pulling a carpet from under you.

The country is boiling with a Serbian nationalistic revival that may lead to civil war. Despite the president's warning that a state of emergency would be declared if demonstrations continued, mass rallies have persisted in support of the Serbian party leader, Slobodan Milosević, who aspires to become the new Tito. Proclaimed government goals like democratization, political pluralism and a market economy seem to have been consigned to some vague and distant future. Yugoslavia—that "European Middle East" or "artificial construction from 1918," as it is often referred to in the foreign press—appears to be coming apart. This fracturing surely jeopardizes the concept of "socialism with a human face" and makes me wonder if this model will ever work.

Slavenka Drakulić is a Yugoslav journalist and writer currently in residence at the Iowa Writers' Workshop working on a new novel.

On the other hand, I read Yugoslav newspapers and talk a lot on the phone to people there: to my friends, to journalists and writers and to my parents and daughter. They don't give me the impression that there's been a sudden change. Somehow, they give me the feeling that what's going on had been expected, though perhaps not so soon. Mass strikes, protesting the declining standard of living, have been going on for at least two years. And the huge and ominous gatherings of angry workers in front of the National Assembly building in Belgrade started months ago. "But all that is unimportant," said one friend, a sociologist in Ljubljana, about the demonstrations and strikes. "What do you mean?" I asked, in one of my late-night phone calls home, desperately longing for a clear explanation. "I mean that workers still trust the party," she said. "The most painful and ironic thing is that they still expect change from the party itself, even if it is responsible for the crisis. In this sense, the situation is not dangerous. It will become dangerous only when the workers start to organize themselves in an alternative way, as Solidarity did in Poland. And we are far from that situation now."

I agree with her. Few Yugoslavs except experts recognize, for example, that the solution to the economic crisis is not within the Communist Party's control: That is up to the national government. But the fact that workers with demands for change are turning to party leaders as if they were wizards, and not to the Prime Minister, reflects not only a lack of political consciousness but the way that our thinking has been shaped by the official ideology of the past forty years. Yet, I do not agree with my friend that there has been no important or substantial change in the situation. I see



DRAWINGS BY MARIS BISHOFS

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one: ethnic nationalism. It has become the new political truth, even if it is deliberately manipulated by the Serbian party leaders as a distraction from economic troubles.

Serbian nationalism has emerged from workers' protests against problems of economic inefficiency, a new austerity program and growing inflationary pressures. Serbian party leader Milosević has capitalized on workers' frustration, channeling it in an ethnic nationalistic direction by using the tactic of mass rallies, which are unprecedented in Yugoslavia. His policies—increased Serbian control over the multinational federation of the republics, centralized party control and the introduction of a free-market economy—place him closer to the South Korean version of socialism than to the Soviet one.

Is Serbian nationalism powerful enough to undermine the country and lead to a hellish civil war? Can Milosević handle the emotions he has aroused and control them for his own purpose of attaining power? All we really know about the problem of ethnic nationalism is that it was supposed to disappear in the advanced stages of a communistic society. As a result of Marxist theory, nationalism was never dealt with properly in any socialist country: Nationalist feelings were never allowed to be expressed openly—they were simply repressed. Now, nationalism in Yugoslavia is not only widening the gap between cultures but it is splitting the country along two political concepts: the conservative Serbian vision and the progressive Slovenian approach.

"Don't worry," my friends tell me each time I call home. "Really, nothing is going on here. We are watching it on TV." "Here" should mean Yugoslavia, but what they mean is merely Zagreb and Ljubljana, Croatia and Slovenia—the northwest, developed, rich part of the country, where there is virtually no illiteracy, little unemployment and a more democratically oriented party leadership. For a long time, people in the northwest republics had no details, restricted information and only one-sided interpretations of what was going on in Kosovo, where the Albanians and the Serbs have been engaged in bloody, nationalistic strife since 1981. So people up north watch the angry faces of southerners on TV as they might watch an uprising in Bangladesh or Turkey.

It is almost as if people in Ljubljana or Zagreb were sitting in Vienna, protected from their own country's ethnic turmoil by a state border, longing to be recognized as part of Mitteleuropa. I can picture it, those neat Austro-Hungarian cities, where I, too, come from. The citizens sit around little marble tables in coffee shops, eating sacher torte and sipping chocolate with whipped cream—melting into what they think is *Kultur*. Meanwhile, the Albanians and Serbs down there . . . well, let it be their problem as long as possible.

For years we knew that the Albanians living in the autonomous province of Kosovo were dissatisfied with their political treatment at the hands of the federal Serbian government. But we didn't know much more than that. There is a language barrier, to be sure, but there is something else: I still remember the Minister of the Interior in the spring of 1981, speaking in a voice possessed of truth itself, saying that only a few people had been killed in demonstrations in Kosovo. In fact, there were many more deaths than it was comfortable to admit, and hundreds of students were charged with irredentism and jailed. The recent waves of ethnic nationalism show that the Serbians are also dissatisfied, especially with their position as a minority in Kosovo. Since 1981, Albanians have persecuted Serbs and forced them to sell their homes and land and move out of the province, leaving it ethnically "pure." The recent amendments to the Constitution, reducing the autonomy of Kosovo and Vojvodina, will hardly help diminish the nationalist tension.

In trying to explain Yugoslavia and its travail, the U.S. press mostly focuses on the role of one man, as in the report that observed, "It remains to be seen whether Milosević or any other Yugoslav leader can replace Tito or achieve dominance over the entire country." Milosević has to be given credit for revealing to the rest of the Yugoslavs that it is no longer possible just to watch the crisis in Kosovo as it unfolds on TV. The problem of nationalism jumps off the screen right into the living rooms of the northwest. It intrudes with all its poverty and illiteracy, its rigid patriarchal system, tribal social organizations and the highest birth rate in all Europe. Yet Milosević, after all, became a leader by riding the crest of a Serbian nationalistic wave and deliberately playing with ethnic passions that now threaten civil war. I do not think the country needs a strong leader to push it out of the crisis. Strong leadership in socialist countries has always provided fertile soil for dictatorship. Yugoslavia doesn't need a leader who will fill the vacuum, as *The Washington Post* has implied; it needs democratization.

The cruel divisions in my country cut like a knife. This is not a matter of patriotism, which I know is little more than romantic and ideological baggage I carry from my childhood. But the smell of kebab on an American street corner

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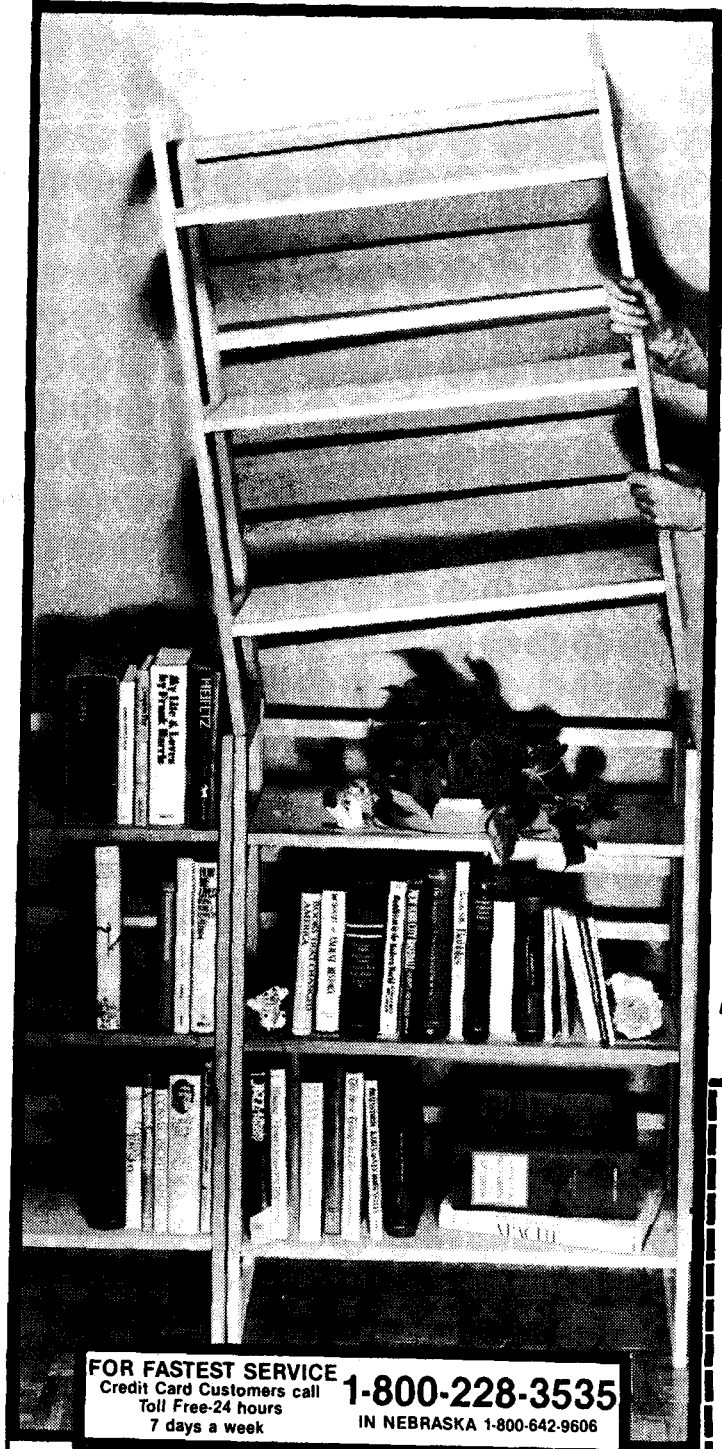

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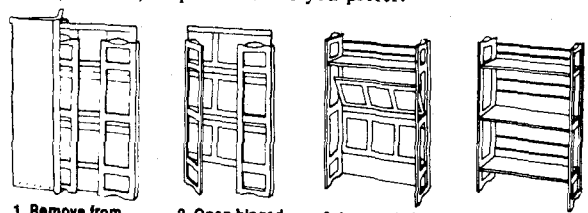

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reminds me of the streets of Belgrade, and I instantly want to be there. No: I am there. I have a problem of being real here. The fear that the reality I come from—am made of—will disappear, will be smashed and taken from me, becomes a fear for my very self. □

HUMAN LAB RATS

Testing Toxins At $100 a Day

JANE KAY

Porterville, California

The August morning started off sultrily enough in the San Joaquin Valley. Dusky grapes weighed on the vines. A crew of farm laborers, already sweating, snipped the stems and gently laid the fruit in bins. At first glance, the vineyard looked like any other at the peak of harvest. But along the field's edge stood scientists, and state agricultural officials were taking notes. The workers were picking grapes that had been sprayed with a banned chemical and, like laboratory rats, were being monitored for pesticide poisoning.

The Rhône-Poulenc Ag Company, a subsidiary of a giant French conglomerate that also owns Union Carbide Agricultural Products Company, was paying fifty workers, most of them students at Porterville Community College, about $100 a day. Then it was checking them for shortness of breath, staggering, pinpoint pupils, trembling, twitching, and walking disorders, and testing their blood and urine.

The experiment aimed to convince the California Department of Food and Agriculture that a new dilution of the insecticide Zolone wouldn't make workers sick. In 1988 the chemical was forced from the market in California after seventy-eight workers exposed to it became ill, several of them hospitalized for up to a week with nausea, vomiting and a lowered enzyme level, indicating pesticide poisoning. Rhône-Poulenc later voluntarily removed Zolone from the rest of the country. In Porterville, though, the department was giving Rhône-Poulenc another chance, ignoring missing data on animal tests required by state law so as to speed up the process for reapproving the once popular insecticide. If the human subjects didn't show symptoms of exposure to organophosphates, a class of chemicals developed during World War II to attack the central nervous system, Zolone would be a step closer to making it back on the market.

The company hasn't yet released the results of the test. Its spokeswoman, Mary Anne Ford, said none of the subjects showed signs of clinical illness. Their level of cholinesterase, an enzyme associated with the functioning of the nervous system, wasn't lowered, she said. But regardless of the results, farm worker advocates say the incident illustrates the agrochemical industry's contempt for tough new pesticide laws, and a laxity bordering on collusion on the part of state and Federal agencies at a time when the issues of safety, ethics and pesticides have aroused public concern. While the Zolone study was being conducted, Cesar Chavez was in the town of Delano a few miles away in the fourth week of a fast to protest the use of harmful pesticides on table grapes, the spearhead of his campaign to win back United Farm Worker contracts. Now the practice of paying people to test suspect chemicals, long a feature of industrial activity in the Third World, carries the traditional exploitation of farm laborers and the rural poor in this country one step further.

Rhône-Poulenc's human experiment would have happened in secrecy if a Porterville Community College student, Judy Mae Foszcz, hadn't gone to the press. She had seen "The Wrath of Grapes," a compelling U.F.W. videotape warning that pesticides can poison workers, children and farm families. So when she approached the college's placement center to get a job in the lean days following finals, she was surprised to be offered well-paying work picking grapes sprayed with an experimental chemical.

Foszcz turned down the job after sitting through an information session. A consent form listed the possible exposure effects as headaches, upset stomach, cramps, diarrhea, blurred vision, tearing of the eyes, muscle twitching, reduced blood pressure and decreased heart rate. Still, many other recruits were eager for the money. The $100 a day was more than they could ever hope to earn around town for two weeks of their time, six days of that spent picking sprayed grapes.

The consent form they signed noted that previously Zolone "was reported to have caused overexposure in workers who harvested treated grapes." However, it continued, "since Zolone is one of the least toxic insecticides used on grapes and other crops in California, we believe it is unlikely that Zolone was the cause of the reported illnesses." The form didn't mention that seventy-eight workers had become sick, or that they had shown severely lowered cholinesterase levels. It didn't say that the state was certain Zolone had caused the conditions. It also didn't reveal that the chemical had yet to pass new animal studies to determine if it could cause cancer, birth defects, sterility or chromosome damage. Instead, workers were assured that they could withdraw from the test if they got sick. They were also told, incorrectly as it later came out, that the test had been approved by the Environmental Protection Agency and by Duke University, whose review board on medical testing of human subjects is widely respected.

"My friends are doing this for the money; we're all broke," Foszcz said a few days before the field tests started. The company "wanted virgin people who had never been exposed before." When she complained, she got little support from the college. One Porterville dean said he'd have no qualms about participating in such a test. Another dean laughed and said, "You can't kill college students; they're too healthy." She saw Foszcz eating a peanut butter cookie and chided her: "You're eating junk food, and you're worried about pesticides?"

Jane Kay is the environmental writer of the San Francisco Examiner.

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The press created a minor furor over Foszcz's revelations—what Rhône-Poulenc spokeswoman Ford called "a public relations nightmare"—but not enough to interfere with the test. The state agriculture department said it saw no reason not to approve the Zolone study. John Corkins, president of the Tulare County Farm Bureau (and a consultant to Rhône-Poulenc through a private agency named Orius Associates), said he was so convinced of the test's safety that "Heck, yes, I'd put my own family members in there."

Despite these endorsements, the public outrage over the Zolone study did not die down. It was fanned when the press uncovered an earlier, similar experiment. In 1987 the Drexel Chemical Company and Cedar Chemical paid five farm workers in California to mix and spray the herbicide dinoseb, which has been banned by the E.P.A. for use everywhere but in the Northwest. One worker forgot to shut off a nozzle and got drenched at levels that would cause a pregnant woman to miscarry. Dinoseb, among five pesticides that have been targeted by the U.F.W., is so toxic to fetuses that at one point the E.P.A. said only men could work near it. By the time of the field study, it was recognized as causing sterility in male laboratory animals. As in the case of Zolone, the E.P.A. knew of this experiment in advance but did nothing to stop it.

Orius Associates—in the persons of Corkins, who also operates a firm called Research for Hire in Tulare County, and Douglas Baugher—set up the human-monitoring study on dinoseb just as it had for Zolone. Baugher said that such studies are valid ways of showing that field workers aren't at risk from chemical agents, and thus of getting the pesticides back on the market for his clients.

The practice of conducting research on people instead of lab animals has unleashed a political battle in the nation's biggest farm state. Under the California Birth Defects Prevention Act, every pesticide in the state must pass eleven sophisticated studies on rats, mice, dogs and other animals before it can be registered and sold. Those studies measure chronic long-term effects of exposure, including DNA and chromosome damage. At the time of the field study, Zolone had completed only two of them.

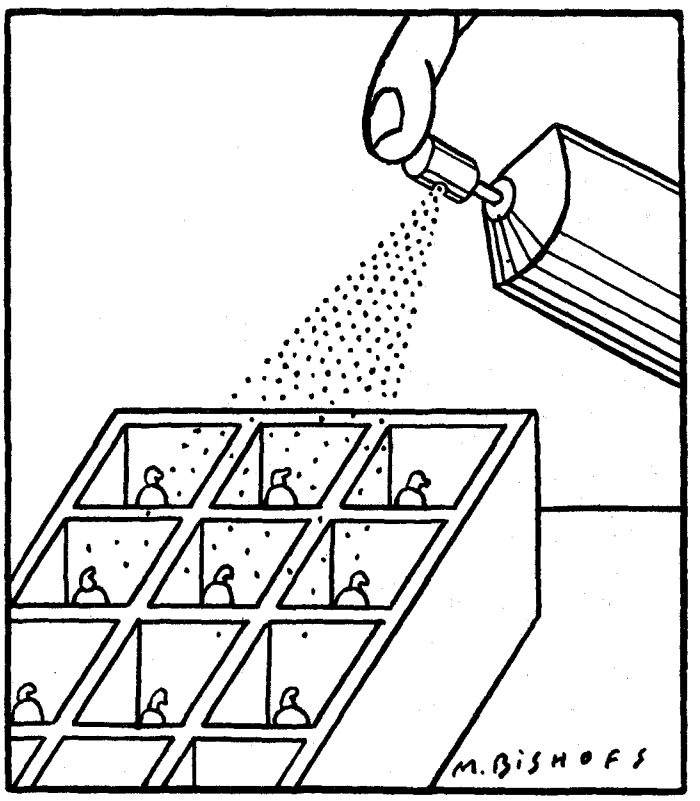
"I'm not interested in the results of Rhône-Poulenc's field work on humans," said State Senator Nicholas Petris of Oakland, who authored the legislation. "I'm interested in the unethical mind frame of people who even use these kinds of tests. They're supposed to do these tests on animals. They're supposed to do lab tests."

The California Food and Agriculture Department, which is charged with enforcing the law, argues that although the new animal studies had to be initiated by 1987, they don't have to be completed until 1991. It furthermore contends that the test subjects were never in danger and that human studies will, in the end, protect farm workers by making chemicals safer. That position is echoed by industry. Rhône-Poulenc calls human-monitoring studies the "wave of the future" and a good measure of what workers face on the job, since the doses administered in animal studies are far greater than any a field hand would absorb.

All this poses serious health questions, but agriculture officials avoided consultation with their counterparts at the Department of Health Services. At the health department's hazard evaluation section in Berkeley, Dr. Richard Jackson and Dr. Ephraim Kahn, both disturbed by the Zolone test, pointed out that the workers went in the field just fourteen days after spraying, although a report from their department had recommended they wait thirty-five days. The physicians also expressed concern that the strict Federal controls on human experimentation were not properly followed.

The state health department is adamant that human studies not be conducted without proper review by special committees set up by universities or public agencies and without full examination of the criterion of "informed consent." In the absence of such safeguards, health officials maintain, the door is open for abuses of the poor, the imprisoned and the intimidated. The U.S. Department of Health and Human Services itself has a policy of denying Federal funds to any state agency or university that allows these experiments without proper review. In the case of Zolone, it wasn't until the grapes had been harvested and the human blood and urine samples taken back to the company's main lab that health officials discovered Rhône-Poulenc had presented the state with what Kahn called a "phony" third-party review.

When health officials asked scientists at the Food and Agriculture Department if the study had received proper third-party review prior to its approval, they were told that Duke University had vetted it. In fact, the university's review board on medical testing of human subjects never had. Nor could it have, since it reviews only projects undertaken within the university. What appeared in the agriculture department's file was a piece of paper with a photocopy of the business card of Dr. Woodhall Stophall, a physician



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in the occupational health department at Duke. Stophall and another physician, Gary Greenberg, signed a two-paragraph statement saying that the subjects of the Zolone study wouldn't be exposed to a significant health risk. Stophall, a frequent consultant to industry, said there was never any attempt to make it look as though the Duke University committee had reviewed and approved the study.

Mary Anne Ford thinks the state physicians' point is "nit-picky." The Duke doctors are highly qualified and it doesn't matter which department they are in, she said. "It's demeaning to their qualifications and their credentials to say, If they're paid then they're biased. Our business in hiring that kind of consultant is to get the best we can get." Regardless of intent, Jackson and Kahn stand firm that a review by paid consultants does not fulfill the state requirement. They say skirting the California regulation has deep and frightening ethical implications.

One of the physicians' concerns is whether the experiment was truly voluntary. "There should be no element of coercion, such as there would be if you did it on prisoners." If a review committee had examined the Zolone proposal, it might have judged the $100-a-day payment as excessive inducement, he said.

Interestingly, companies may be using field tests in hopes of sidestepping another regulation, the Federal Insecticide Fungicide and Rodenticide Act (Fifra), which was strengthened by amendments last year. That act provides that chemicals must be registered, licensed and used properly and sets forth a legal framework by which they can be banned. It closes a loophole in the earlier law which gave pesticides from the 1950s and 1960s a de facto exemption from the tests required of newer chemicals. Now all agricultural chemicals must pass a series of strict lab tests or get dumped from the shelves. Ralph Lightstone is a lawyer with California Rural Legal Assistance, an advocacy group for farm workers. "For years and years," he said, "industry has refused to do animal tests. Finally, because of the new Federal law and California state law, they're forced to do the studies. So the companies are switching the debate over risk, keying not on how the chemical fares in the laboratory but on whether the worker is 'exposed' to it. But risk is a measure of toxicity times exposure. Now that they're going to more accurately measure toxicity and some chemicals will be flunking, they're going to try to claim that there's no exposure. That way when the E.P.A. says a chemical is too toxic—like dinoseb—consultants will go out and take urine samples to prove a worker isn't being 'exposed.'" Lightstone has come up against this type of argument in the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, where, with Albert Meyerhoff and Victor Sher of the Natural Resources Defense Council and the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund respectively, he is opposing the continued use of dinoseb in the Northwest.

Moreover, although the law outstrips state regulations in terms of protection, environmentalists still consider it inadequate. Lightstone calls the new law "Fifra Lite" because of what Congress left out of it, such as stricter protection against groundwater contamination. Given the E.P.A.'s casual attitude toward the practice of human testing, enforcement of the law is also far from guaranteed. So while the Federal government looks the other way, as it has been doing in California, the future testing of banned agricultural chemicals on human subjects will be decided in the agency halls of every state, where public scrutiny isn't as vigorous as industry pressure. Considering the public outcry in California against sending in a person to do a rat's job, the government and the chemical companies should expect outrage over any future testing of banned pesticides on humans. □

RUINS AND REVIVALS

A South Bronx Landscape

CAMILO JOSÉ VERGARA

Aerial photographs from 1968 present the twelve-block-wide ribbon that begins at 152nd Street and Westchester Avenue in the South Bronx and ends at the Cross-Bronx Expressway as a study in urban geometry: solids, mostly tenements, closely arranged in rectangular and triangular blocks that define a grid of streets running both sides of the curving, elevated subway tracks. Photographs of the same area taken only months ago capture a starkly changed landscape: the central spine of the subway lines now silhouetted against stretches of vacant lots, their flatness broken only occasionally by clusters of small buildings or high-rise public housing projects. Pictures taken over the intervening years similarly record the stages of devolution: in the 1970s, burned hulks of buildings with dark holes for windows and, here and there, trees growing through the roofs; a little later, with most of those buildings gone, vestigial oil tanks lying rusted amid the rubble like giant potatoes.

Observed from the ground, without the framing lens of the camera, the clearing of the land has created an uncanny sense of space. People look tiny as they walk narrow paths through empty lots. Formerly a person's view was directed by a tunnel of space between apartment buildings; now one can see into the distance and look upon walls not meant to be exposed. Unmuffled by architecture, the rumble of the trains is the most familiar sound in the area.

These thousand or so acres of the South Bronx once figured among the most densely populated urban places in America. In 1960 they housed 179,000 people. By 1980 only 54,000, less than a third, remained, with 95 percent of the population loss occurring in the preceding ten years. Over those two decades this area, one of the poorest in the nation, lost more than 60 percent of its housing units. It became, successively, the main focus of the South Bronx Model

Camilo José Vergara has for a decade been preparing a photographic archive documenting the changing spatial contexts of American urban poverty.

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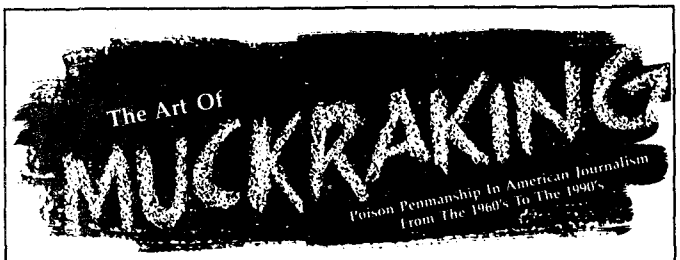
Cities Program; the symbol of both Jimmy Carter's avowed commitment to alleviating urban ills and his ultimate failure, as exploited by the Reagan campaign; and the media's convenient locale for analyses of "the city in crisis." In ruin, its industry having largely fled, this section of the city acquired a new economic function, providing the entertainment business with a backdrop for crime, gang rituals, drug dealing, even horror. *Wolfen* was filmed here, as was *Fort Apache: The Bronx*. In an episode of the TV series *The Equalizer* last year, flame-throwing drug addicts confronted the show's hero in an abandoned building at Trinity Avenue and 160th Street.

Back in 1977, Frank Kristof, then director of planning and development for the Urban Development Corporation of the State of New York, sounded a note of hopelessness typical among people in high places at the time. "No one has the power to stem the further destruction of the South Bronx," he told *The Wall Street Journal*. "That's the area where the poverty is worst and unemployment is worst. And there's no immediate hope of relief. We have no public funds now to spend . . . and it's impossible to get private funds to go into the area." Yet time has not quite proved his prediction. If in 1989 one looks at this section of the South Bronx for what is standing there rather than for what has vanished, one is confronted with an argument for the prospects of publicly driven reconstruction.

Just as the area deteriorated in stages, so today, as Tom Sullivan, a custodian at P.S. 50 overlooking the tracks, says, it is "growing up in patches." He was referring to the curious combination of suburban houses and townhouses, public housing complexes and a "pueblo," each standing in relative isolation amid acres and acres of nothing.

Since 1970 the largest builder in the area, hence the chief provider of local housing, has been the New York City Housing Authority, its 5,200 apartments constituting nearly one-fourth of the available dwellings. Projects vary in size from the mammoth twenty-one-story St. Mary's Park Houses to the new three-story apartment blocks of Site No. 402. The quality of the management and of tenant participation also varies: Excellent buildings stand next to very dangerous and badly maintained ones. On the whole, though, the condition of public housing projects is much superior to that of most privately run buildings in the area.

Owing to arson, abandonment or demolition, the survival rate of private buildings is very low. The endurance of the projects, therefore, is a major achievement, but in the context of a severe housing shortage it is one that, ironically, threatens their continued maintenance. More and more the city is turning to them to house the homeless, a task for which the projects are not equipped. As a consequence, low-income working families on waiting lists are bumped back and the number of single-parent welfare families in public housing increases. Individuals with no place else to go double up with friends and relatives, sleep on roofs, in basements or sometimes even in elevators. The presence of so many strangers in the projects creates a pervasive feeling of fear and contributes to increases in crime, vandalism and wear



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and tear on the buildings. To make matters worse, the projects have become centers of a powerful crack trade that threatens the security of residents, splits families and undermines the quality of the buildings. Maintenance crews must devote a large portion of their time just to repairing the damage caused by break-ins.

Families able to buy houses are steadily moving out. Last year the proportion of those in public housing citywide who were members of working families decreased by 7 percent from 1987, to 40 percent of the total resident population. In housing projects in the South Bronx the number of single-parent families is at least 10 percent higher than the citywide average, 27 percent. Serving more people than originally intended, suffering the brunt of the drug epidemic and having a greater number of problem tenants, public housing is strained to the limit. Further aggravating the situation, no intact neighborhood embraces the projects. In empty spaces strewn with garbage and dotted with *casitas*, small jerry-built structures, people talk, play cards or dominoes, operate auto repair shops, grow vegetables and sell second-hand goods. Some of the lots become makeshift playgrounds for the area's children; others, dumps for private rubbish-disposal companies.

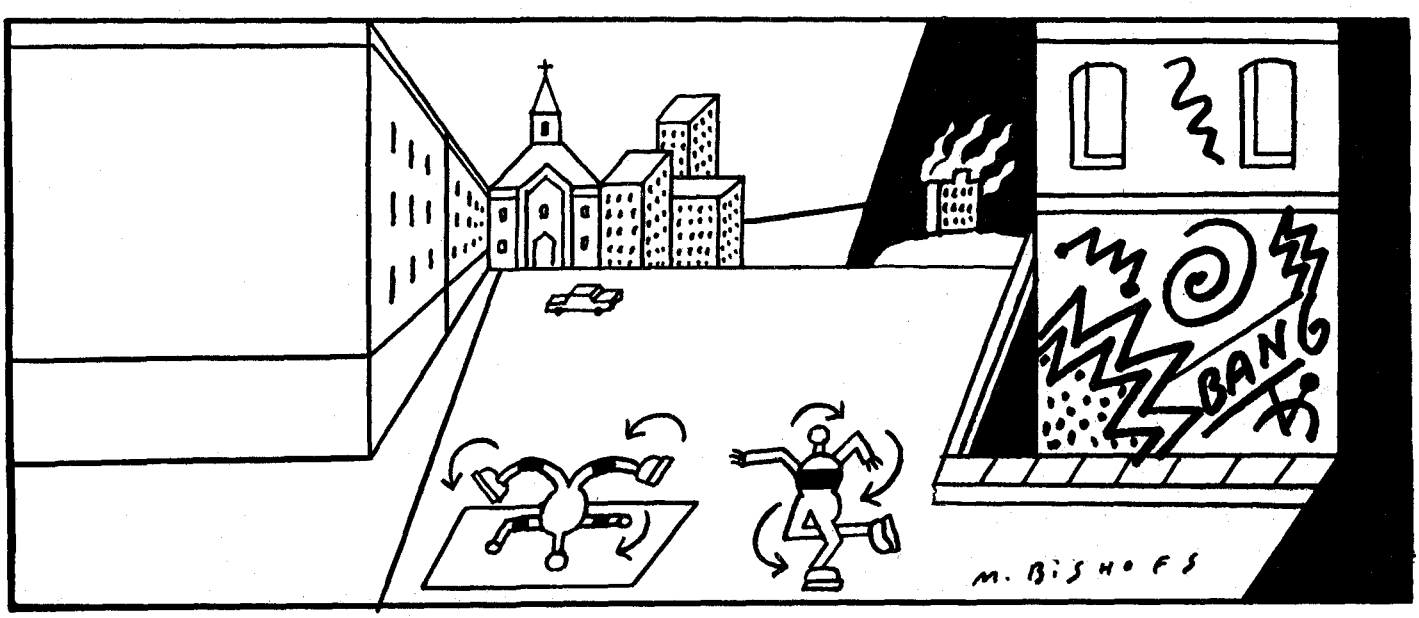
Nine years ago the area around Charlotte Street, at the northern end of the section, had become such a popular illegal dumping ground that the Sanitation Department placed its own police there throughout the night. Today this location is the site of Charlotte Gardens, another completely unexpected patch in the quilt of South Bronx development. Here, on a spot originally eyed for 732 federally funded apartment units, stand eighty-nine ranch-style houses with white picket fences.

The initial plan for this area had been billed as "housing in an urban wilderness." It was vetoed by the city's Board of Estimate at a time when the first priority for the South Bronx was perceived to be jobs, and the best prospect for the land an industrial park—usually a glorified name for a warehousing complex. The park never materialized and the land was given to nonprofit developers in the early 1980s. But the "wilderness" slogan, with its evocation of the pioneer spirit, never lost its resonance. The clean, brightly colored houses sitting on grassy lawns were presented as if the American Dream had returned to a shunned community. New Yorkers from all over the city flocked to them—nearly six buyers for every dwelling.

The medium-density project of three-story buildings originally proposed was intended to alleviate the housing shortage; the low-density suburban houses eventually built instead proved that middle-income families would be willing to move to the South Bronx. By drawing a more affluent population, it was argued, the tax base would be enlarged and the area could shed its stigma of being a place only for people without options. Recently seventy-five assertive and spacious white townhouses with red awnings and front and back yards have been built toward the devastated southwestern part of the area. These are attracting a similar middle-income population. Given the severity of the housing shortage, however, suburban-style houses are not an acceptable alternative for New York City. Moreover, their presence has not spurred small business investment in the vicinity.

In both the deteriorating loneliness of the projects and the cheerful incongruity of Charlotte Gardens, isolation, the lack of a community structure, remains a major obstacle to neighborhood revitalization. By contrast, on a wedge of land located north of Longwood Avenue between the subway line and the Bruckner Expressway, a remarkable "pueblo" development, unique in the nation, thrives precisely because, in addressing the problem of housing, it has tackled the problem of isolation. A dozen years ago this was one of the poorest and most crime-ridden sections of the Bronx. Today it is a showcase community, where people of modest means live near parks, a plaza, churches, libraries, shops, health centers and transportation facilities.

The community owes its beginnings to Father Luis Gigante, a parish priest who in a 1976 *New York Times* Op-Ed essay wrote, "I am sick and tired of the image of death that has been superimposed on the South Bronx." Almost ten



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years earlier he had become active in community development; in 1977 the group he helped found, later incorporated as the South East Bronx Community Organization (Sebco), began to rebuild the mostly Latino neighborhood around St. Athanasius, his parish. Unlike other such organizations, which concentrate efforts on a few projects, Sebco embraced many, among them the rehabilitation and construction of 1,500 handsome dwellings and a Spanish-style plaza in front of the church. Sebco also has sponsored a city park and collaborated in an impressive public arts program. No part of the population has been ignored: Sebco built for the elderly and for families, for homeowners and for renters, for working people and for those on public assistance.

In a rare example of private investment, merchants have responded to the revival of the area and have established stores, professional offices and restaurants. To redevelop his neighborhood Father Gigante, a former City Council member, used large amounts of public funds, which he was able to win because of his political clout, while other areas of the South Bronx received almost no investment, public or private. His pueblo is a hopeful endorsement for the creative union of public funds and community control. Yet in the second half of the Reagan Administration the number and size of this type of development declined. Whereas hundreds of such units were being built or rehabilitated by community groups three years ago, now only a few dozen are. Resources for rehab are being directed at the poorest of the poor, and community groups that have agreed to sponsor or manage these buildings have done so reluctantly. They see city agencies concentrating on buildings rather than communities, and isolating the poor rather than fostering economic integration.

The Section 8 New Construction Program, by which the Federal government guaranteed the rent of low-income families prior to construction, and which had been instrumental in the realization of the pueblo, was cut by the Reagan Administration in 1983. Nothing took its place. Now as part of his declared "war on poverty" Secretary of Housing and Urban Development Jack Kemp is again advancing "enterprise zones" as the key to urban development, designated inner-city areas in which business will receive enormous tax breaks and regulatory relief on the promise of creating jobs. He has other proposals, but none of them involve the direct construction or provision of housing.

Meanwhile, the Special Initiatives Program of New York's Department of Housing, Preservation and Development has rehabilitated more than 350 units in vacant buildings in the South Bronx and is completing another 300. Yet many of the sites selected are places where heavy drug traffic proceeds with impunity. What's more, only homeless families may benefit from this program, so the population of these buildings and sometimes entire blocks will consist of people on welfare, half of them children and teen-agers. Local community activists fear that these buildings will not last more than a half-dozen years, that they will discourage families from moving into the area and that their demise will give a bad name to publicly supported low-income housing.

Tremendous talent, intelligence and persistence have gone into recovering a few patches in this part of the South

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Bronx. Today only the elevated tracks of the New York City subway remain unchanged. With its bewildering combination of communities as well as advanced social disorganization, vacant land along with overcrowding, it presents a complex new photograph of the urban environment. □

Sympathizers

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

whose structural-functional theory dominated the profession during the 1940s and 1950s, taught at Harvard from 1927 until his retirement in 1973. He died in 1979. He was president of the American Sociological Association in 1949 and served as chair of Harvard's department of social relations from 1946 to 1956. He was the mentor of the next generation's leading sociologists, including Robert Merton, Kingsley Davis, Robert Bellah and Neil Smelser.

The discovery of Parsons' efforts on behalf of Nazi collaborators is likely to inflame the debate over the political significance of his sociological theory. Parsons advocated a value-free sociology, arguing that social science had to purge itself of political values to achieve scientific status. His theory was ahistorical and highly abstract. During the 1960s, his work came under attack by a new generation of sociologists, who argued that his claims to "value-neutrality" masked a commitment to the status quo and to cold war ideology. The discovery of Parsons' recruitment of Nazi collaborators will strengthen that critique of his work.

The evidence of Parsons' postwar activities was discovered in the Harvard archives by O'Connell, whose dissertation is a study of the origins of the Harvard Russian Research Center. There he found ten letters Parsons wrote to a colleague, Professor Clyde Kluckhohn, head of the center. The letters report on Parsons' recruiting efforts in Germany and indicate that the most important of his Russian contacts was Nicholas Poppe, an expert on the languages of Soviet Asia who had been a professor at the University of Leningrad from 1925 to 1941. Parsons dedicated himself to obtaining a U.S. entry visa and a Harvard appointment for Poppe—a difficult task, since Poppe was not only a Nazi collaborator but had been banned from entering the United States and had recently been the object of a U.S. manhunt in Germany for extradition to the Soviet Union.

Poppe is a central figure in Christopher Simpson's recent book *Blowback: America's Recruitment of Nazis and Its Effects on the Cold War*. Poppe defected to the Nazis in 1942, the day they arrived in the Caucasus town where he was teaching. Simpson reported that Poppe "actively collaborated in the creation of the quisling government" in one of the ethnic minority areas, an administration that promptly expropriated Jewish property and murdered the region's Jews. In 1943 the SS brought Poppe to Berlin to work at the Wannsee Institute—the SS think tank where, in January 1942, the plans for "the final solution to the Jewish question" had been announced. The reports produced by Wannsee researchers were distributed to about fifteen top Nazi officials, including the military intelligence head on the eastern front, propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels and Hitler. Those reports, Simpson found, pinpointed the location and size of Jewish communities in the Soviet Union, thus assisting the SS in carrying out its campaign of extermination. Poppe's knowledge of the languages and ethnic groups in Soviet Asia would have made him useful for that project.

Poppe subsequently denied that his work at Wannsee aided the SS extermination program. In his memoirs he wrote that the Wannsee Institute's task "was to study various aspects of the Soviet economy, politics and science," and he claimed his work there dealt mainly with the "history, ethnography, culture and natural resources" of Siberia. That claim is "difficult to take at face value," Simpson writes, "in light of his strong expertise on the Caucasus region of the U.S.S.R., one of the most important focal points of the war at the time he was employed by the SS."

In responding to charges that he had assisted the SS project of annihilation, Poppe reported an incident that inadvertently strengthens the case of his accusers. The Germans, he wrote in his memoirs, asked him whether a mountain tribe in the Caucasus, the Tats, were Jewish. Poppe reports that he informed the Germans that although the Tats practiced the Jewish religion, in fact they were ethnic Iranians; as a result of his report, Poppe says, the Tats were not exterminated. But if this was the kind of question the Germans were asking him, then it is clear that he was assisting the Nazi campaign to destroy the Jews.

The Poppe story is also told in a historic 1985 U.S. General Accounting Office report, which confirmed that "Nazis and Axis collaborators were used to further U.S. anti-Communist objectives in Europe—some immigrated to the United States." That report is best known for its account of the U.S. protection of Klaus Barbie, but it also describes Poppe—although not by name—as one of "five Nazis or Axis collaborators with undesirable or questionable backgrounds who received some individual assistance in their U.S. immigrations."

After the war, Poppe took refuge in the British occupation zone. According to declassified Army Counter Intelligence Corps records obtained by Simpson, a top-secret memorandum dating from May 1947 reported that Poppe's presence in the British zone "is a source of embarrassment to British Military Government, as the Soviet authorities are continually asking for his return as a war criminal. The British feel that Mr. Poppe is valuable as an intelligence source and have asked . . . if it is possible for U.S. intelligence authorities to take him off their hands and see that he is sent to the U.S. where he can be 'lost.'" Parsons made contact with Poppe a year later, and reported back to Clyde Kluckhohn the facts about "our friend Poppe."

A secret State Department letter regarding Poppe, dating from April 1948, instructed the Office of the U.S. Political Adviser on German Affairs, in Frankfurt, to "arrange to have protection given to him and have him fattened up. . . . We shall be ready to lift him in about a month or two." A

Jon Wiener is a contributing editor of The Nation *and teaches history at the University of California, Irvine.*

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month later a telegram from the State Department's policy planning staff declared they knew Harvard was "anxious to get him." This initial effort to get Poppe into the United States did not succeed, as Parsons noted in a letter dated June 30, in which he reported that the State Department had refused Poppe entry even after a request from Gen. Robert Walsh, director of intelligence in the European Command.

Parsons then proposed another avenue to get Poppe into the United States. Edward Mason was a Harvard professor who served on the Russian Research Center's executive committee and also worked as a consultant to the State Department's policy planning staff. Parsons suggested that Mason be sent to enlist the help of George F. Kennan in gaining admission for Poppe. Kennan, a senior executive in the political warfare unit at the State Department, had just enunciated the containment doctrine that committed the United States to a cold war with the Soviet Union. Parsons' strategy worked: Kennan directly intervened to get Poppe into the country, a fact concealed for four decades until Simpson's book appeared last year. Poppe reported in his memoirs that he was flown out of Germany aboard a U.S. military air transport plane; when he landed in Washington, D.C., "a man sent by the State Department was standing on the airfield to meet me," he wrote.

Kluckhohn, acting on Parsons' advice, put Poppe up for a Harvard appointment, which the university's officials rejected. (Poppe later recalled that he had been turned down by Harvard "for political and some other reasons.") But in the fall of 1949, Poppe got a job as a professor of Far Eastern languages at the University of Washington, where he spent the rest of his career and where, according to Simpson, he taught many U.S. intelligence agents.

But Poppe's activities were not limited to academia. He testified at the 1952 Congressional investigation of Owen Lattimore, who was probably the country's leading scholar on Mongolian society. Lattimore, director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, was also a longtime State Department adviser with leftist sympathies. Joseph McCarthy had pledged that his whole anti-Communist crusade would "stand or fall" on his charge that one man, Lattimore, had run a "Communist cell" in the Institute for Pacific Relations. Poppe was called by the Senate committee investigating Lattimore. He testified that many of Lattimore's studies of Mongolia were "very superficial," gave "a distorted picture of the realities" and were "not scholarly work." In fact Poppe had a private motive for joining McCarthy's attack on Lattimore, according to Simpson: He believed Lattimore had played a part in the State Department's initial denial of a U.S. entry visa in 1948. Lattimore was eventually cleared of all McCarthy's charges against him, but Poppe's testimony helped provide academic respectability for McCarthyism.

Today Poppe is 91 years old and lives in Seattle, where thirty-two of his colleagues recently protested a *Seattle Times* article on Simpson's account of his collaboration with the Nazis. The colleagues described the Poppe they know as "a gentleman, a compassionate human being, and one of the truly great scholars of this century."

Talcott Parsons knew that the man he called "our friend Poppe" had collaborated with the Nazis. He may not have known the details of Poppe's contribution – in particular his work for the Wannsee Institute. But he did know the British were embarrassed to have Poppe in their protection because of the charges against him, and he knew that the State Department had refused Poppe permission to enter the United States. The work Parsons did on Poppe's behalf indicates his willingness to overcome moral objections to collaboration, as well as his self-proclaimed "value-neutrality" in scientific norms, in the name of cold war activism.

Parsons developed relationships with other former Nazi collaborators on his German trip in 1948. Before he left Cambridge, an Army Intelligence officer had set up a meeting for him with Leo Dudin, a former professor of languages at the University of Kiev. In 1943, Parsons explained after the meeting, Dudin had gone to Berlin "and worked for the Propaganda Ministry writing scripts for broadcast to Russia. He got out just in time before the Russians came and has been in semi-hiding in Bavaria since." Dudin had served in the Vlasov Army, Parsons also reported, joining the Russians who fought for the Nazis. The Vlasov Army was drawn mostly from prisoner of war camps; the Germans gave Soviet P.O.W.s a choice, according to war correspondent Alexander Werth: "[E]ither go into the Vlasov Army or starve." Though several thousand joined up, the overwhelming majority refused to go, and 2 million died in the camps. By 1945 about half of Vlasov's troops had come from the SS Kommando Kaminsky, a Byelorussian militia that had spearheaded the Nazis' annihilation of the 1943 Warsaw ghetto rebellion; their bestial conduct there offended even the German general Hans Guderian, who called for their removal from the field. If Parsons did not know the history of the Vlasov Army, whose veterans he was recruiting, he could have found out.

Another of Parsons' Vlasov Army contacts was Vladimir Pozdniakov, a former Red Army lieutenant colonel. Parsons explained that Pozdniakov was captured by the Nazis and "joined the Vlasov movement, where he became a full Colonel." Pozdniakov, according to a recent scholarly study, became chief of security for the pro-Nazi Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia, the political wing of the

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Vlasov movement. The Soviet Union listed Pozdniakov as one of seventy-three "war criminals and [persons] who collaborated with the enemy" whose extradition they sought from the American zone.

Parsons reported back to Kluckhohn at Harvard that he had met not only with Poppe, Dudin and Pozdniakov but also with two U.S. Army Intelligence officers who employed them; the intelligence officers, he reported, urged that the émigrés be brought to the United States, and Parsons suggested they be given jobs at Harvard. He called the notion "damned important." America's leading exponent of "value-free" sociology was here joining in a recommendation made by Army Intelligence officers that Nazi collaborators wanted as war criminals be given jobs at Harvard as Soviet studies experts.

Dudin and Pozdniakov did not get stateside jobs at Harvard in the end, nor did they get into the United States. But both were hired by Harvard's Russian Research Center to collect information about the Soviet Union from their displaced countrymen in Germany. Their reports, however, were of low quality, and their contract was not renewed in 1950. Dudin was reported in 1987 to have died. Pozdniakov published two volumes of Vlasov Army documents and memoirs in the early 1970s; his current status is unknown.

In the midst of his recruiting efforts, Parsons had a moment of doubt. In a June 1948 letter he wrote, "Perhaps I was a little hasty in my recommendations on the Dudin group. . . . Their political inclinations may be extreme—and yet—I want to go back to them with the wider perspective." This reconsideration concerned only the "political inclinations," not the past activities, of the people Parsons had put forward. He seems to have assumed that the cold war justified ignoring critical questions about enlisting former Nazi collaborators as Harvard Soviet scholars. Was it right to help these people avoid prosecution for war crimes? Were they the kind of people who belonged on university faculties? Does a university have the same goals as the State Department and Army Intelligence in gathering information about the Soviet Union? Are former Nazi collaborators wanted by the Russians for war crimes likely to provide reliable information about the Soviet Union? Parsons' letters articulate none of these moral issues.

Parsons undertook his recruiting mission shortly after two key events that deepened the cold war, events that must have made his task seem especially urgent. In February 1948, Czechoslovakia's Communist Party, with the backing of the Red Army, took power, reinforcing fears about a Soviet military attack on Western Europe. "Russia, at this stage, is the world's No. 1 military power," *U.S. News & World Report* proclaimed that April. "Russia's armies and air forces are in a position to pour across Europe and into Asia almost at will." In June the Soviet Union closed Western access to Berlin; the airlift of supplies was under way while Parsons visited American intelligence officers in Germany.

Presumably, the justification for Parsons' recruiting efforts was the shortage of reliable information about conditions in the Soviet Union, information necessary to assess the threat it posed to U.S. national security. At a time when anti-Soviet hysteria of the *U.S. News* variety was spreading, accurate information about Soviet intentions and capabilities was especially important. But the people Parsons was enlisting were not good sources of information, because each had a nearly desperate personal interest in exaggerating the menace of the Soviet Union—since the Russians were pressuring the British and Americans to extradite them to face charges as war criminals. Of course, we don't know what the Parsons recruits told the State Department, the Army Counter Intelligence Corps and the C.I.A. about the Soviet threat. We do know that the government greatly exaggerated the danger in 1948 and thereafter, relying in part on reports from such people. By materially assisting in this intelligence process, Talcott Parsons contributed to some of the most antidemocratic and anti-intellectual trends in postwar American political life.

Parsons' 1948 German trip raises some larger questions about the relationship between academic sociology and political life: Is there something about ahistorical social theory that leads its practitioners to "forget" the history of the Nazis' crimes? Is there something about "value-free" social science that leads its practitioners to ignore the value of bringing collaborators to justice? In the end, Parsons proves to be another case in a depressingly familiar story: that of leading liberal scholars in the United States making political commitments in the name of the cold war, blinding themselves to moral issues and making a mockery of their claims to objective scholarship. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Peace Plan for the Canon Wars

GERALD GRAFF AND
WILLIAM E. CAIN

From Stanford, California, to Durham, North Carolina, the great curriculum controversy has assumed national proportions. The debate would not have provoked such angry emotions—or such a stream of polemical books, editorials and official reports—if it were just an academic squabble over college reading lists. The curriculum is a microcosm of the culture: its inclusions and exclusions are an index of what the culture deems important. A conflict over "the canon," over what books to teach and how to teach them, is a conflict over a society's vision of itself.

Before the controversy can move beyond the shouting stage, however, several myths about the current revision of the canon need to be dispatched. One myth is that minority literatures and popular culture have so taken over the syllabus that the traditional classics are no longer taught. The Modern Language Association recently surveyed a sample of English programs across the country, and its findings suggest that the extent of the changes in the canon has been greatly exaggerated. (See the *Bulletin* of the Associated Departments of English, No. 85, Winter, 1986.) According to the M.L.A., the biggest changes have occurred at the edges of the curriculum, in the elective courses, but the bread-and-butter requirements remain much as they were a half-century ago, dominated by the likes of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Austen. Alice Walker, Toni Morrison and Zora Neale Hurston now appear frequently, but they supplement rather than replace the older classics.

A second myth is that the current revision of the canon is an unprecedented phenomenon, symptomatic of a "new barbarism." It is easily forgotten that the same charges were leveled by the traditionalists of several decades ago, when American and twentieth-century literature muscled their way into the curriculum. Even earlier, at the dawn of the modern university, there had been similar reactions to the heretical idea of putting English and American literature at the center of the college curriculum in place of Greek and Latin.

Nevertheless, to point out that the canon has changed less than we think or that it has always been under revision does not really address what is bothering the traditionalists. The real issue is not which texts students will read but the ways in which they will be encouraged to read them, which is another way of saying that the real issues are what is meant by "reading" and whether this innocent-looking activity is necessarily political, as the revisionists maintain.

Take the fact that literature has been organized in departments defined by nationality—"English," "French," "American Studies." We are so accustomed to such categories that we think of them as neutral bureaucratic classifications and forget they originated in nineteenth-century nationalisms that were far from innocuous. The canon revisionists want to recover this forgotten politics and bring it into the foreground of literary studies. In this respect, they are adding to the cultural memory, not destroying it.

Instead of confronting such arguments in their most challenging forms, however, the critics invariably reduce them to a group of doctrinaire propositions that can be easily dismissed. For example, when revisionists argue that literary values are socially and historically produced, they are taken to be saying that the value of a work of art is measured by its crude ideological message, or by the race, gender or class of its creator.

Which brings us to myth number three, that recent canon revisionists are nihilistically debunking the very concept of value judgment. If you read revisionist works like Jane Tompkins's *Sensational Designs* or Barbara Herrnstein Smith's *Contingencies of Value*, you find that these critics do not say that value criteria are meaningless, but argue that such criteria are socially constructed in ways tied up with political interests and consequences. It is certainly possible to disagree with Tompkins and Smith, but they are raising important questions that have to be taken seriously. Long before any revisionists appeared on the scene, there were widespread complaints that literature courses taught students to analyze poems technically but not how to distinguish a good poem from a bad one. By raising questions about what we mean by "good" and "bad," the critics of the canon have actually revived the issue of value, not debased it.

To say that the alarmists have misrepresented the situation of the academic humanities is by no means to say that everything there is as it should be. Former Secretary of Education William Bennett had a point when he complained that educators have been "reluctant to articulate what [is] important and what is not" in the curriculum. He and others are right to argue that an educational system is intellectually bankrupt if it has no way of specifying what the *content* of education should be and cannot emphasize some subjects over others. The curriculum *has* been so stretched to appease various pressure groups that it has lost all coherence and left students wondering what they are expected to read and know.

But what is to be done about this state of affairs, when there is no agreement on the content of education and when no party to the controversy is exempt from the label "pressure group"? We see only three possible responses.

§ *Keep adding courses.* Educational institutions can continue to maintain the present pluralistic system, adding further course options to the curriculum and in effect passing the burden of choice on to the students. This strategy would mean placating the traditionalists by holding the line on Shakespeare while appeasing the revisionists by adding more Alice Walker.

There are worse systems than pluralism, which even the most hardened traditionalists grant has been an immense improvement over the rigidly unified classical and Christian curriculum of the nineteenth century. As dissatisfactions intensify, however, administrators may not have the option of maintaining pluralistic business as usual. For one thing, it is expensive and wasteful to keep adding new dishes to the menu. For another, having enjoyed the diversity of course options offered by educational pluralism, we now take that diversity for granted and feel the need for a greater degree of structure. So the same consumer pressures

Gerald Graff teaches English at Northwestern University and is the author of Professing Literature: An Institutional History *(University of Chicago Press). William E. Cain teaches English at Wellesley College and is the author of* F.O. Matthiessen and the Politics of Criticism *(University of Wisconsin Press).*

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that once encouraged the proliferation of courses now tend to be exerted on behalf of more integration.

§ *Unify the curriculum.* Educational institutions can try to overcome pluralistic fragmentation by unifying these diverse subjects in a core curriculum, like the curriculum in classical Western culture promoted by traditionalists.

The question here is why we should choose the traditionalists' version of content over competing versions. They reply that their concept of Western culture is not just one version among many, but the universal human heritage. Yet, the universality of this heritage has been questioned for some time—not just by canon-busting teachers but by many of the very writers and artists whom the traditionalists admire.

To this argument the traditionalists have no real answer—except to accuse the questioner of "relativism," loss of nerve or softness toward "special interests." Calling opponents "relativists" may help one feel one has grasped the source of modern cultural confusion, but it is not a very useful response to the present educational problem. It is not relativistic to worry that a traditionalist model of educational content can be institutionalized only by shoving it down the throats of dissenting teachers and students. As for the charge of catering to special interests—the rhetoric here is strikingly reminiscent of the Reagan Administration—it too begs the question. The assumption behind the phrase is that one faction will decide which cultural interests are universal and which are merely special.

In this respect, however, there is a similar difficulty with the liberationist educational programs advanced by leftists like Jonathan Kozol, Stanley Aronowitz, Henry Giroux and their mentor, the Brazilian educator Paulo Freire (see, for example, Freire's *The Pedagogy of the Oppressed* and Aronowitz and Giroux's *Education Under Siege*). Though we identify with their objectives, these liberationist programs seem to presuppose a school operated for and by leftists. Most of us in the United States, however, have to work in mixed institutions where, to say the least, not everyone takes it for granted that the goal of education should be the political transformation of society.

The point is, no proposal will be helpful as a general model if it does not make allowances for the presence of teachers and students who will resist any one scheme of educational unification,

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whether of the left or the right. To put it another way, in a democratic culture the planning of a curriculum sometimes means organizing approaches, ideas and values that one dislikes.

The choice between the first and second responses—continued pluralistic evasion versus an alternative that could be imposed only by force—is clearly not attractive. Unification is likely to be favored in a few less affluent, less research-oriented institutions, where it may be possible for administrators and trustees to pressure the faculty into turning back the clock. In the more professionally advanced institutions, which can afford to maintain pluralism, we are likely to see the evolution of two separate canons, one for traditionalists and one for revisionists. Here the canon war will be settled in the time-honored way of resolving academic conflicts, by playing "Let's Make a Deal." The radicals will teach their pet texts and theories in their curricular enclave while the traditionalists go on humanizing away in theirs. Each faction will be protected from the criticism of the other, and the students will be spared the unseemly sight of their teachers washing their dirty linen in public. This is a good prescription for peace and quiet, but also for intellectual sterility.

It seems important, then, that these not be the only options, as they have been up to now. We propose a third model, which has never been fully tried, but we think it would be more practical and democratic, and also more effective pedagogically.

§ *Teach the conflicts.* Under this proposal, educational institutions would acknowledge the need to take a stand on the content of education—pluralistic evasion will no longer do. But they would recognize that the notion of content has to be rethought when agreement can no longer be reached about what it should comprise. We agree with Bennett that educators should articulate what is important and what is not. But when a culture disagrees about such a matter, the disagreement itself becomes part of what is important.

In short, the best solution to the conflicts over the canon, the curriculum and the culture is to teach them. Teach the conflicts themselves and use them as a principle of correction. Structuring the curriculum around these conflicts would give it the coherence traditionalists rightly demand but which cannot be achieved by any unification program.

The classes conducted in the university at any moment make up a potentially coherent conversation, but it is not experienced *as* a conversation by most students, who encounter its different voices in separation from one another. Little wonder that students often find their studies boring and have no incentive to acquire that "cultural literacy" they are now so frequently said to lack. If the academic conversation were made less disjunctive and more coherent, we suspect that more students would see the point of acquiring the information needed to participate in it.

Imagine, then, a course named Canons in Conflict (alternatively, Canons and Countercanons or Western Culture and Its Discontents), which would take up the current challenges to the established classics from the popular media and non-Western cultures. The point of such a course would be neither to discard nor to deify the traditional classics but to put them into relation with the texts and ideas now challenging them.

Though the starting point would be present-day conflicts, discussion of these would lead readily to an inquiry into where these conflicts came from. When and why did the division between high and low culture arise, and with what implications? How did a work like *Moby-Dick*, which as late as the 1920s was shelved under "cetology," "travel" or "adventure," become a classic of "literature," whereas *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* did not? To what extent is *Moby-Dick*'s higher rating based on objective merits, and to what extent on culturally loaded criteria? Whatever side students take on this debate—and they are likely to be as divided as their teachers—the important thing is to bring them into it, in a way that helps them make sense of other parts of their study.

But wouldn't such contextual concerns only come between the students and *Moby-Dick* itself? The harsh fact is that many students now regard reading *Moby-Dick* "itself" as a confusing and painful experience and would be helped by having some context in which to place it. Reading the novel while being taught about the controversy over how it acquired its status as a classic, and how far that status is deserved, would be one way of giving students the entry into it that they now lack. And it would certainly put the focus on the neglected question of evaluation.

Virtually all the universities' bureaucratic distinctions conceal an interesting history of conflict that could be put to productive use. The administrative distinction between Creative Writing and orthodox literary study has always veiled divergent attitudes toward literature; confronting the antagonism as an explicit theme would enhance both kinds of study. The tension between vocational courses (like basic composition) and liberal humanistic studies is inevitable—why not make something of it? The split between scientists and humanists is deplored by both groups, yet under the present structure neither of them has the responsibility to teach it. Studying the split itself could be a better way to introduce the sciences and humanities than studying the two in isolation. If these ideas ask too much of a single course, they could be achieved by common meetings between courses.

Make no mistake: We do not pretend to be taking a politically neutral position, somehow above the battle. We see ours as a left position; its goal is a democratic culture in which traditions are not simply given or fixed but are open to criticism and renegotiation. At the same time, we believe the traditional educational goals have more to gain from our model than from the usual traditionalist proposals. The fact is, these goals have been poorly served by the notion that it is "traditional" to isolate great works (or cultural literacy facts) from their contemporary contexts and hold them up as objects of veneration. The best way to kill the classics for students has always been to remove them from the contemporary culture that challenges them.

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an active part. The conflict over education will no longer be occurring on the margins but at the center of the curriculum, where it belongs. □

Dead Heads

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THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE DEAD. *By Danilo Kis. Translated by Michael Henry Heim. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 199 pp. $17.95.*

Of the clutch of names that Philip Roth assembled a decade ago for his paperback series, Writers from the Other Europe, the Yugoslav Danilo Kis is one of the few not to have passed into literary parlance. Other Others, such as Bruno Schulz and Milan Kundera, have been luckier. Propelled by fulsome tributes from Isaac Bashevis Singer and Cynthia Ozick and by the Brothers Quay's eerie, puppet-filled film of *Street of Crocodiles*, his novel about Polish village life, Schulz is slowly cracking the modernist canon. Kundera has benefited from a similar mix of critical cooing and cinematic good fortune, even if his transformation from unknown émigré to international celebrity came in part from something else: His books alone among Roth's chosen are sexy.

This is not to say that Kis is sensually deficient. E.S., the father in Kis's yet untranslated novel *Hourglass*, brushes past a thirtyish woman on a train and her "feminine odor" disorients him. *Garden, Ashes*, Kis's early, non-nostalgic novel about a family's precarious existence under Hungarian Fascism, emits fragrances equally earthy and pungent. But these two books, part of an unofficial trilogy of the author's youth and literary apprenticeship, were not selected for the Other Europe project. Instead, Roth reprinted *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich*, a collection of loosely related stories about seven Russian-Jewish revolutionaries that had been packaged misleadingly as a novel. While *Boris* welds commendably Kis's concern with personal vanity, metaphysical doubt and political dissembling, and does so in unfussy poetic prose, the book is not an easy entry into his fictional world. Paperback editions of *Boris* and *Garden, Ashes* have disappeared; Kis awaits his readers.

The Encyclopedia of the Dead may not completely remedy the neglect. In many ways, these stories supply more of same. "The Story of the Master and the Disciple," about an intellectual engagement between a reputable scholar and his inquisitive student, and "The Mirror of the Unknown," about a young girl's crime-solving clairvoyance, return to Kis's central setting: the vanishing world of Eastern European Jews. "To Die for One's Country Is Glorious" describes the death throes of a condemned Hungarian nobleman, Esterházy, and traverses, in a manner reminiscent of Musil and the other Roth (Joseph), the teetering fortunes of early modern Mitteleuropa. Like Zita, the last Hapsburg consort, who, since her husband Charles's death in 1922, has worn only black and who even today insists that her family hold court in her presence, Kis remembers the Empire.

Some of *Encyclopedia*'s stories chart new directions. Kis can be as ecumenical of place as the dead Hamburg prostitute he commemorates in the volume's second entry, "Last Respects": "She pressed her breasts . . . with equal ardor to the black, sweaty chests of New York sailors, the yellow hairless chests of the Malaysians, the bear-like paws of Hamburg stevedores . . .between her tender thighs flowed a river of hot sperm that merged in her warm vagina as the home port of all sailors." Through Kis's active fancy glide Samarian heretics ("Simon Magus"), Ephesian oneirists ("The Legend of the Sleepers") and a lovestruck Parisian correspondent of a great man ("Red Stamps With Lenin's Picture"). A Kis chronology can be postwar or imperial, biblical or contemporary, as precise as a stopwatch or as indeterminate as a dream.

The title story, in fact, is a dream (in every way). A middle-aged Yugoslavian woman awakes in sweat from a nightmare, which she immediately records. In her reverie, she visits Sweden at the invitation of a theater institute. After a performance of Strindberg's *Ghost Sonata*, her official guide takes her to the Royal Library, the building housing a Borgesian compilation of biographical knowledge, the *Encyclopedia of the Dead*. It's a multivolume work that is both comprehensive and idiosyncratic. "What makes the *Encyclopedia* unique (apart from its being the only existing copy) is the way it depicts human relationships, encounters, landscapes—the multitude of details that make up a human life. . . . It records everything. Everything." It's a fact-checker's dream.

The *Encyclopedia*'s entries are more than mere facts. Kis too readily suspects pure knowledge to settle for a dreary biographical catalogue of an undistinguished man, especially when he can throw in dark, discomfiting tidbits about the work's compilers. For the *Encyclopedia* is also more than a copious outpouring of information; it's the work of a religious organization whose program stresses an "egalitarian vision" of the dead, a vision inspired by biblical precept and intended to grant all God's creatures a place in eternity. In industry if not in theology, the project is more or less Mormon. Kis makes the connection to the Utah sect's vast, subterranean archive in his postscript, a guide to sources which should have been cut from a chapter to a few footnotes judiciously placed within the text. The postscript is a sorry surprise for readers accustomed to Kis's usually luminous conclusions. The document at the end of *Hourglass* (an actual letter written by Kis's father which Kis had lost and then found after the war) stitches together the patchy narrative pieces that came before it. Similarly, the moralistic coda to "The Short Biography of A.A. Darmolatov" (the last installment of *Boris Davidovich*) sharpens the story of the daft, elephantiasis-swollen poet preceding it: "To write one must have more than big balls."

Kis is full of such daring in "The Book of Kings and Fools," *Encyclopedia*'s longest section. Concocted as an essay about the anti-Semitic classic *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, "Kings" became a story when Kis "realized that in the domain of research . . . [about the document] there was no further progress to be made." And so, as Borges would say, he omitted some details, added others. The fixes are few, however, aside from the document's name: Kis calls it "The Conspiracy." "Kings and Fools" cleaves to *Protocols*' familiars: The document is published in Russia early in this century as part of a work compiled by Sergei Nilus, a czarist functionary; translated and disseminated throughout Europe; and exposed as spurious in a 1921 London *Times* article by Philip Graves, who spots similarities between "The Conspiracy" and *A Dialogue in Hell Between Montesquieu and Machiavelli*, an 1864 satire written by the Frenchman Maurice

Brendan Lemon is on the staff of The New Yorker.

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Joly. Kis retains *The Protocols*' connection to the Russian secret police—the fictional link is Capt. Arkady Belogortsev. Belogortsev is an émigré holed up in Constantinople in 1921. Down on his luck, he sells his books; one of them is an edition of Joly's *Dialogue*. The buyer, "X," is indifferent to the library's contents, but by chance he picks up a sparsely stamped volume: the Joly. "X" notices the similarity between it and "The Conspiracy," and he tips off Graves.

That "X" ignores an entire library (of Tolstoy, Thackeray and Gogol, among others) and settles upon the *Dialogue* illustrates one of Kis's preferred themes: "Books in quantity are not dangerous; a single book is." Taken too literally, or sacralized, the single book hardens into dogma and is used to justify curbs on imaginative freedom. In a lifetime of continuing polemical engagement, Kis has not been afflicted with Book-based intellectual sclerosis. His gifts as a translator and prose stylist could easily have led him to a life of hermetic literary activity. But he cannot relinquish his obsession with the shifting perversities of political or religious doctrine. He has to keep rubbing up against realities, even though he knows in advance he'll come away unsated.

"The Book of Kings and Fools" does more than retouch the tale of *The Protocols*. It preserves a realistic account within a work of fantasy, like a clean bullet encased in flabby flesh. The account is nothing less than an abbreviated history of modern anti-Semitism. "Kings and Fools" opens with a pogrom: "Throughout the darkened rooms, mutilated bodies lie in pools of blood and raped girls stare wild-eyed into the void from behind heavy, rent curtains." And the story closes at the camps: "Even in death, one can make out families holding hands . . . blue bodies tossed out, soaked with sweat and urine, legs stained with excrement and menstrual blood." In the intervening pages there is little playing for pathos, no great hue and *Geschrei*—nothing to betray the fact that Kis's own father died at Auschwitz in 1944. Kis's use of documentary techniques and his heightened sense of midcentury historical reality recall the German writer and filmmaker Alexander Kluge, but Kis's affective abilities are nonpareil. He is a master of indirectly rendered emotion. And with each book his artistry becomes more restrained, more assured.

Yet as a purveyor of ideas Kis remains in conflict with himself. This may reflect his divergent personal history (his mother was Christian, and for safety's sake he was baptized in 1939), a naturally unsettled temperament or the situation he shares with all late executors of modernism—with all those, that is, who fancy themselves part ethically concerned rabbi, part pleasure-seeking dandy. Like other such centaurs (Leonardo Sciascia, Alberto Savinio), Kis never quite reconciles the two roles. And he doesn't want to: He's too busy practicing the art of irresolution. An eloquent partisan of artistic freedom, he can stand on either side of a cultural divide, without seeming melancholy or neutral.

Thrilling as it is, it is not Kis's taste for literary skirmishes that will win him readers. It's his eloquent reworking of a common, even fusty concern. All the stories in the new book, Kis says in the postscript, are "metaphysical: ever since the Gilgamesh epic, death has been one of the obsessive themes of literature." And death extends not only to individuals or peoples but even to books. No longer can Kis, like the Mannic hero of his first novel, *Mansard*, equate literature merely with loving; no longer can he, like the father in *Hourglass*, look upon reading as only the formal adjunct to sleep, to dreams. In *Encyclopedia*, Kis suggests that books (but not The Book) have become superfluous: beautiful illusions, props to get beyond. "A man's personal library," muses the captain in "Kings and Fools," "is only what stays in his memory—the quintessence, the sediment."

The Encyclopedia of the Dead is the sediment of a lifetime of reading, of what Kis has remembered. The book's feats are Funesian, which is appropriate: This is one of the finest fantastic collections since Borges's *Ficciones*. Such a comparison may alert readers to the book's ingenuity; it may not signal adequately its linguistic acuity. For that, praise is due Michael Henry Heim's fluid translation. □

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MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

Bluebeard's Castle
Erwartung

Béla Bartók's *Bluebeard's Castle* and Arnold Schoenberg's *Erwartung* make for an unusual and often gripping evening at the Metropolitan Opera House despite their flawed production. Their relatively unfamiliar and specialized idioms are rarely encountered in a house that is, ironically, better placed to produce twentieth-century opera than the rigorously mediocre *verismo* repertory it seems always to prefer. Both these works date from about the same period, *Erwartung* (Expectation) from 1909, *Bluebeard's Castle* from 1911; both had to wait several years before they were performed. They are what have loosely been called expressionist or symbolist works in that both are antirealistic, elusive in meaning, very much the products of an eccentric, personal vision of the world in which alienation, anxiety and exaggerated loneliness are the main features. Sexuality (and not sex) is at the heart of both short operas (Bartók's is an hour long, Schoenberg's barely half that). In each, it is a woman—played and sung by the redoubtable Jessye Norman—whose travails stand at the work's center.

In the first opera, Judith has just been brought to the castle by Bluebeard (Samuel Ramey), as his new wife. Determined to unlock seven doors that line one of his walls, she cajoles him into consenting. As each door is opened by Judith it reveals first power and wealth, then brutality and horror; thus, for instance, the third door presents a hoard of gold and jewels that a moment later appears to be covered with blood. The last door releases the three wraiths who are Bluebeard's former wives, and at that instant Judith realizes what her own fate is to

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be. The opera ends with a mournful exit of the women: Judith is the last wife in a procession watched contemplatively by Bluebeard, their lord and murderer.

Judith and Bluebeard are quite explicitly in love, yet it is she who forces him to uncover secrets that, we gather, he would prefer to leave alone. Nevertheless, Bartók presents the unfolding action as taking place inevitably, almost ritualistically; both characters seem driven by forces they neither understand nor command, although Bluebeard—the sound of the original Hungarian name Kékszakállú communicates this better—is tinged with a sinister power that finally overcomes the questioning woman. One thinks of Pandora here, though Bartók took this drama from a fairy-triptych by Maurice Maeterlinck (which included *Pelléas et Mélisande*, set by Claude Debussy, and *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue*, set by Paul Dukas). Thus the world of *Bluebeard's Castle* is hieratic, coded, magical; even though its main action is the striking revelation of terror induced by the need for intimacy and sexual knowledge. This was explicitly underlined in Goran Jarvefelt's production by having Bluebeard shed an item of clothing each time one of the doors is opened.

As is evident from my summary, Bartók's opera is highly patterned, almost predictable from beginning to end. So too the music, which belongs to a period in Bartók's career when his research in Hungarian folk culture accompanied his discoveries of other avante-garde composers, principally Richard Strauss. Indeed one of the things that impresses one overwhelmingly about both operas is not so much how they relate to their composers' later careers (this is often and justifiably explored in discussing *Erwartung*) but how they bear the stylistic imprint of Richard Strauss, whose *Salome* (1905) and *Elektra* (1909) were so electrifying an advance over Wagner. Strauss, like Bartók and Schoenberg, took Wagner's extraordinary chromaticism and pushed it to expressive lengths, flirting with a nontonal universe that was little short of scandalous.

Interestingly, however, Wagner's own experiments with nontonal music were associated with feverish, transgressive sex, so powerfully embodied in *Tristan und Isolde*. Yet *Meistersinger* comes after *Tristan* and, partly because of its "healthier" subject matter (the robust state of Germanic art as embodied in the friendship of Hans Sachs with Walther and Eva), Wagner's musical idiom is correspondingly healthy, and foursquare too. True, the style of diatonic polyphony and Lutheran church music used in *Meistersinger* is occasionally interspersed with deviant harmonic digressions, but the work's overall musical profile underlines the equation between sexual normality and conventional harmony. Thus, there is a straight line from the fevers of *Tristan* to Salome's depravity, Electra's matricidal obsessions, Judith's unfortunate fixations and the hysteria of *Erwartung*'s unnamed "Frau"; a line of increasingly untonal, "abnormally" psychological music whose final release from any fidelity to classical tonal norms Schoenberg soon accomplished when he promulgated his twelve-tone method.

Bluebeard's Castle is less harmonically and aesthetically aggressive than *Erwartung*, and less demanding, less uncompromising as well. I should say that I have never been completely convinced by Bartók. Like Schoenberg, he is one of the giants of twentieth-century music. His later works, including the Fifth and Sixth Quartets; the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta; the Concerto for Orchestra; and the Second and Third Piano Concerti are manifestly powerful scores with a tremendous declamatory and rhythmic effectiveness, and with a melodic generosity unlike anything in the music of that period. Yet I have also felt that there is in Bartók an appeal to, or a residue of, a romantic (mostly, but not always nationalist) project imperfectly and unsatisfyingly realized in the music; compared with Debussy, the early Strauss or Schoenberg, Bartók seems an unwilling avant-garde artist, perhaps less reflective and well thought through.

In the Met's *Bluebeard* these aspects of Bartók's music emerged as half tacky, half schmaltzy. For example, in displaying his kingdom to Judith, Bluebeard waves down an entire wall of his house, accompanied by loudly italicized modal chords that Bartók, I think, wanted us to suspect for their brassy assertiveness, but which, delivered by James Levine and the orchestra, sound like Miklos Rosza at M.G.M. As Bluebeard, Samuel Ramey was impressive, always dignified and convincing—even when, half undressed, he was required to assume the fetal position on a ridiculous little round platform placed asymmetrically at stage right. He has the finest legato phrasing of any male singer at the Met, and this aspect of his singing is always a function of the drama, not of posturing or "beautiful" voice production. His part is static and

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enigmatic, just as to a degree the action is. His demeanor and noble sound, however, disguise the opera's misogyny, making it seem as if both he and Judith are caught in a plot of someone else's making.

Although I am pleased to see the Met put on Bartók and Schoenberg, there are some real problems with these performances. Jessye Norman is undoubtedly a superb singer, at her best in German and French romantic lieder, as well as certain operas (again French, German and, in the case of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, British) in which there is a premium on eloquence, stability and a narrow range of vocal as well as dramatic acting. She is incapable of ugly or badly phrased sounds, and cannot be surpassed in Strauss or Berlioz. But in the Met's twentieth-century double billing she fared badly, I thought, getting worse and worse in *Erwartung*. She does not move well, and produces fluttering, restless gestures that are supposed to connote everything from fear to hysterical excitement, passion, love and ecstasy.

In *Bluebeard* Norman was overshadowed, but admirably supported, by Ramey, whose presence gave her gesticulations and assured singing a focal point. One could reluctantly forgive the Hans Schavernoch sets, with their monumental Art Deco style, garish colors and an occasional jarring note, such as the space ship from *Star Trek* that obtrudes itself from behind one of the doors, which resemble store-front steel shutters. Norman could also be forgiven her somewhat erratic performance as a woman whose early enthusiasm for life and marriage is gradually reduced to a pathetic compliance with her lord's cruel will. She at least had the descending line of her fortunes before her, and pursued it more or less faithfully.

Schoenberg provides no such theatrical clarity in *Erwartung*, which is where Norman's limitations became increasingly apparent. The "Monodrama," as Schoenberg called it, is one of his greatest scores, the musical parent of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* in its unforgiving, unsparing account of human despair and neurotic expressivity. The piece was written with Mozartean speed and definitiveness in about two weeks, and set to a four-part text by a medical student, Marie Pappenheim. An unnamed woman is seen in a forest looking for her lover; she finds him as a corpse, and it has been argued that she may have escaped from a mental institution and killed him in a jealous fit. The text comprises not set speeches but fragments, bursts of hysterical energy that reveal (as Boulez said of it) an unraveling sensibility.

Like the polytonal *Bluebeard's Castle*, *Erwartung* is a work that brings earlier portraits of unbalanced women—from Isolde to Salome and Electra—into realms excavated by Freud, Schoenberg's Viennese contemporary. (Theodor Adorno somewhere makes the analogy between the form of Freud's case studies and *Erwartung*, suggesting further that the monodrama was to the twelve-tone method what, by way of presentation, the case studies were to the full-fledged psychoanalytic method.) It is a remarkably gripping work, with a score of as much delicacy, passion and intensity as Schoenberg ever wrote. Minutely realized in its subtly nuanced effects, its four scenes are increasingly long and complex: The woman wanders deeper and deeper into the forest, her mind straying further from everyday reality into "a dream without limits and colors." Nature, history, self and other are gradually knit together in a paranoid web and, as the piece ends, she is totally without perspective, searching.

Listening to this work attentively is an experience quite without equivalents. Schoenberg's somewhat reduced orchestra is in effect a chamber ensemble of soloists, and part of the startling pleasure of the music is his inventiveness in combining instruments around, but never in, a centralizing tonality. The result is an immensely rapid and yet deliberate series of choices, moves and tactics, each of them adroitly expressive, rigorously harnessed to the quasi-hallucinatory dramatic situation. I believe that to stage *Erwartung* is already to reduce these effects and to turn the inner drama into a dated and almost comic spectacle. And, alas, between them Norman and set designer Schavernoch made matters even worse. Schoenberg's directions specify a forest, but instead of leaving it at that, contenting himself with trees, leaves and a couple of benches, Schavernoch plants an enormous grand piano, complete with candelabra and artily draped cloth, in the middle of the stage. Thus we get a forest with grand piano, in which Jessye Norman—all alone—has to sing difficult music *and* act.

No one can survive such a challenge elegantly. Not only could Norman not figure out what to do with the piano (who could blame her?), she also didn't appear to have completely internalized the part. She certainly got all the words

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and notes, but the very correctness and beauty of her rendition seemed to highlight almost all the incongruities around her. It was as if her busy dutifulness in getting the notes and phrasing right, moving up and down and wringing her hands, created a massive distraction from the fineness of Schoenberg's inner drama of a hysterical woman confronting her disintegrating selfhood. This is the musical world whose correlative is not only Freud's case studies but also Adorno's negative dialectic and Georg Lukács's theories of alienation and reification. Yet what the Metropolitan's scheme allowed for was a remarkably intelligent orchestral performance—masterfully conducted by James Levine—accompanied by a truly botched stage picture, with Jessye Norman, a great singer, its sometimes all too willing victim. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Sienese Painting

The flat rectangular wall painting has so dominated artistic theory since the Renaissance that no alternative pictorial paradigm has been easily thinkable. It has even defined all the revolts that have marked the century of modernism in art that recently reached its end. The boundaries of the rectangle generate a kind of illusory space and an immediately metaphysical distinction between the surface of the painting and the surface of the wall (metaphysical because the two surfaces may, as in the case of fresco painting, in fact be physically identical). Hence there is a spontaneous distinction between looking at and looking through: We look through the surface at the scene situated in the illusory space, as if through a window. Indeed, the entire technology of painting was bent upon making the experience of seeing something through a window and seeing something in a painting perceptually indistinguishable. The history of painting was therefore inevitably progressive, as artists got better and better at this.

Modernism began when the surface became something to look at rather than look through, and artists introduced distortions in order to make plain that they no longer sought illusion, that the painting had become an object in its own right rather than a transparent opening onto an ulterior reality. Yet even with abstract art, the distinction between looking at and looking through, and hence between subject and surface, remained. The moment the work became all surface it collapsed into decoration. In order to remain art, accordingly, illusory or pictorial space had to be retained—so artists might just as well have remained realists for all the good the revolutions did them. The window paradigm co-opts those who undertake to overthrow it, not an uncommon story.

The window theory of art was essentially a Florentine invention, and whether because it engaged the technological interest of painters who found the production of illusions challenging, or because the movable window painting became something that could be bought and sold and collected, the artistic products generated by it completely swamped those generated by a different paradigm altogether. This was the Sienese paradigm, which defined artistic practice into the quattrocento, when Florence seized a leadership that it has held ever since. (All subsequent Western painting has been Florentine, wherever it was done, as long as it supposed a distinction between looking at and looking through.) Compared with the art of Florence in the quattrocento, that of Siena seems backward and eccentric, as if the Sienese, patrons and painters alike, were arrested at a stage of pictorial representation that the Florentines went triumphantly beyond. In fact, I believe, the Sienese were connected with a different kind of history, one we lose sight of because their best works were sawn into window-like rectangles, framed and hung on walls, marketed as charming, marginal, not to say primitive exemplars of a form of representation elsewhere practiced with a central mastery.

Siena more or less vanished as an art center by the end of the fifteenth century. In part this must have been because any artist interested in making a living would have had to internalize the Florentine paradigm and hence be absorbed into the grand sweep of art history as we understand it. But in part it was due to another cause altogether: to the invention of printing, which meant the end of the book as a precious handmade object. Sienese art did not imply the wall as its support, but the page or the leaf. Its artists were primarily illuminators, makers of images one comes upon when the covers of the book are opened. Of course the Sienese artist also made altarpieces.

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But I propose that the altarpiece is a variant of the same basic principle as the book. It, too, implies leaves; it too implies covers that can be closed and opened, even if the frame of the altarpiece prevents this from actually taking place. The familiar word "triptych," used to designate a painting with three panels, etymologically refers to three tablets hinged together, and hence a primordial book. The folio and the folding panel are the coordinates of Sienese art, just as the scroll and the screen are of Japanese art. The distinction, one might say the artistic rivalry, between Florence and Siena lives on in the invidious contrast—proving the victory of Florence—between being an artist and "only" an illustrator.

The wall painting, treated as a window, defines a role for the viewer as that of witness to the event looked at through the window, so that the relationship between viewer and event is essentially perceptual and cognitive. Because the viewer has no access to the scene depicted other than visually—he or she cannot after all enter the space—the viewer is reduced to a disembodied eye, for whom a viewing place is determined by the mathematics of fixed-point perspective: The viewer is but a geometrical point. The Sienese paradigm could not be more different. Here one engages with an image as part of engaging with a book or altar screen, and hence as part of an action like singing or praying or reading aloud. The image defines a largely ritualistic relationship with the viewer, if it is even proper to use that word in this context: for the image is of some saint or martyr or the Virgin or the Savior with whom one seeks communion. It is not required, accordingly, that the image be cognitively convincing, only that it express the powers with which one seeks connection through ritual. The Sienese image is mystical, almost deliberately not of this world, so not required to look as if it is. The saint and the Virgin can be appealed to, through their images, to make interventions in our world. The world within the Florentine painting looks just like the world outside it if the artist has been successful. They are cognitively of a piece. In a sense the world inside a Sienese image also is of a piece with the world outside it, but that is because each is a locus of faith. The world itself is the scene of miraculous enactments, and real saints, like Catherine or Bernardino, tread the pavements of the city, doing amazing things. They were neighbors and holy folk at once. Opening a book or an altarpiece, already a fraught experience given the weight the images were thought to bear, must have been a magical gesture. Kneeling before and being surrounded by the panels of an altarpiece must have differed radically, as an experience, from standing before a wall looking through a metaphorical window at something necessarily in another space.

Even today, even in their fragments, the painted images of Siena radiate an intimacy foreign to the art of Florence. The Sienese image implies that it and its celebrants are held together in the same spiritualized space, which has nothing to do with optics. The impulses of Sienese art reappeared in the seventeenth century, in the Baroque altarpiece, when the church undertook to re-create an addressive relationship between image and celebrant. Treating the Baroque altarpiece as a picture—as a windowed scene—hanging in the museum is as alien to its essence and as subversive of its intent as is the parallel reduction of the Sienese paintings to mere tableaux. The museum is the Florentine interior par excellence.

It was nevertheless an inspiration of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City to mount an exhibition of Sienese painting from the Renaissance: One can almost feel the tension between the two paradigms in, for example, the treatment of space, the projection of feeling and the strategies of narration. Painting in Renaissance Siena: 1420–1500, which consists of about 140 works, both manuscript illuminations and paintings, will delight the eye and spirit until March 19. The museum has the largest holding of Sienese art outside Siena itself, and its former chairman of European painting, John Pope-Hennessey—to whom the strenuously scholarly catalogue is appropriately dedicated—has done perhaps more than anyone since Bernard Berenson to awaken our consciousness to the greatness of the Sienese achievement. I recall being powerfully affected, as were any number of painters of my acquaintance, by the publication thirty years ago of his marvelously illustrated piece on Sassetta and Giovanni di Paolo.

In that early essay Pope-Hennessey wrote of Sassetta's work as "touching and evocative and personal." And in a recent issue of the *Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin*, he characterizes Giovanni di Paolo as a "highly personal artist." These are correct assessments, and in a sense they connect with the feeling of intimacy the images generate. But our fixing upon these attributes reflects the distance between ourselves and the Sienese for whom these works were created: It was not the artists whose personalities were to be communicated through the images but the individual saints, the dramatis personae of the Christian narrative, who were themselves to be present in those images, so that the viewer (using that unavoidable term once more) was directly in contact with them. Or perhaps the reason the personalities of the artists emerge so eloquently in these works may be an artifact of the circumstance that most of the paintings in the exhibition come from the predellas of altarpieces, sawn off and then sawn into sections and sold as individual works. And the predella images were, literally *and* figuratively, perhaps, sufficiently marginal to the altarpiece that factors of personality may have been allowed to come through. It was the appeal of this personality to later generations that in turn may account for the fact that as much Sienese art as does survive consists in these exceptionally affecting images. Here is Pope-Hennessey on the characteristic polyptych of the Sienese workshop:

> A central panel (usually though not invariably a Virgin and Child) was flanked by two or four panels of saints beneath Gothic arcading. Generally there was a superstructure with half-length figures of the Evangelists with in the center a Redeemer, attached by dowels to the main panels. Often there were small superimposed figures of saints in pilasters at the sides. The whole structure rested on a base of predella with narrative scenes relating either to the central figure, or to the saints flanking it, or to one of the saints in exclusion of the rest.

The predella scenes are, as John Russell felicitously expressed it, footnotes to the altarpiece. And it is an irony that our picture of Sienese style should be based on fragments that survived to charm a sensibility quite other than that for which the grand ensemble of the altarpiece itself was orchestrated. It would be as if all that remained of Bach's B Minor Mass were the bits of melody that can be whistled.

In any case, the predella scene was never required to be optically convincing, only to be legible. The office of the images was to refer upward to the saints and other figures hieratically present in the main panels of the altarpiece—establishing their credentials, so to speak, and evidence of their readiness, as intercessors, to perform homely miracles: reviving a drowned child, for example, or bringing someone from death just long enough to receive the last sacraments.

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Artistically, the agenda was to achieve as much naturalism as was required to make it clear what was taking place, and to this end the artist might develop narrative strategies quite at odds with what we would think of as Florentine naturalism.

Consider, for example, *Saint Bernardino Resuscitating a Drowned Child*, painted by Sano di Pietro, almost cinematic in its treatment as a series of scenes. A male figure enters the panel from the right, headed down a stairwell onto a piazza where the child lies submerged in an ornamental pool. The man's hands seem clasped in prayer, as they are again in his second appearance, by the side of the pool, looking in. Standing by the pool with him (the father, I presume) are two women, one certainly the mother, who is reaching hopelessly into the water while her companion prays. Saint Bernardino hovers above like a hummingbird, summoning the child back to life with his powerful hand. The father then makes a third appearance, holding his hand out to touch the resuscitated child. The mother and her companion make second appearances, on their knees in grateful acknowledgment of the miracle. Even the child, now back on his feet, is thanking Saint Bernardino. There are nine separate figures in the painting, though only five distinct persons in the action.

What one most admires in these tableaux is the way in which two orders of being, one holy and one human, traverse one another naturally and miraculously, precisely as if the world itself reflected the complex reality of Jesus as a god humanly embodied, eternal and temporal at once. In Giovanni di Paolo's exquisite *Adoration of the Magi*, to take another example, the Holy Family is receiving the luminous Magi in front of the manger, as a golden cow and a silver mule chomp indifferently behind them (the artist has painted a delicate bundle of straw sticking out of the mule's mouth). One of the Magi is on all fours, crownless (his doffed crown is on the ground by the Virgin's hem), kissing the bambino's toe. The infant touches the old king's bald pate with his left hand, in the manner of babies the world round—but he holds his right hand up in a rabbinic gesture, anticipating his missionary adulthood. The next-youngest king is kneeling, removing his crown as he prepares to make his own ritual submission to the blessed infant. The youngest of the three kings has not touched his crown yet, and is still standing. But he has thrown his arms around Joseph in a gesture of manly solicitude. Joseph looks worriedly out of the corner of his eye at his new responsibility. You can almost hear the king saying, "Coraggio! Coraggio!" The landscape goes back and back, with a shepherd tending translucent sheep before some strange rocky outcroppings in the middle distance, and the blue fields, punctuated by mountains, blend indiscernibly with a sky punctuated by clouds. This fusion of earth and heaven underscores the fusion of flesh and divinity that defines the Christian perception of reality. And it is my sense that Sienese painting does not merely state this perception by pictorial means, it embodies it in its own right: The saints are mysteriously present in the tempera, wood and gold of the panels. In this respect the structure of Sienese art penetrates even these vivid marginal scenes.

Sassetta's is, one feels, a more secular intelligence and a more decorative sensibility. Compare his *Adoration* with Giovanni di Paolo's. Sassetta shows us very rich kings bringing golden gifts. They have turned the scene into a courtly party as they stand about, looking precious in their handsome vestments, waiting to present themselves to the diminutive guest of honor. The infant holds his hands out, like a greedy bar mitzvah boy, and the Virgin casts a complacent eye as ewers are brought forward by elegant ladies. And Sassetta lays his own gifts before us, making a display of his ability to draw a foreshortened horse from behind, or a dog playing with a stick, pretending to snarl. In 1939, Pope-Hennessey demonstrated that this panel belongs with Sassetta's wonderful *Journey of the Magi*, but this must be the first time the two have been reunited in a very long time, so that we can identify the same figures appearing in each, even the dogs, as if connecting up the pictures in a children's book.

The *Journey of the Magi*, seen by itself, projects a feeling of visual innocence and almost of naïveté. The procession of kings and attendants follows a downward curve from the middle right to the lower left. It is dawn; they have left behind them a pink fortified city and are adventuring past a barren hill with leafless trees, which establishes that the child was born in wintertime. Awkward birds scrounge on the hill's crest, and between the kings and us a golden star shines. Seen with its companion, and then with the extraordinary predella scenes from the Arte della Lana chapel altarpiece (here six of the seven predella

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scenes can be seen together for the first time since that altarpiece, the rest of it now a matter of conjecture, was long ago disassembled), we recognize how remarkably sophisticated an artist Sassetta was.

A number of the Arte della Lana scenes show Saint Thomas Aquinas alone in the interior of a church. Indeed in one he is kneeling before an altarpiece in the very way those for whom it was made knelt before it, an action that establishes a bond between the supplicants within the picture and without. In one he is addressed by a crucified Christ, exemplifying what one might hope for oneself in relating oneself to the mystical imagery. The spaces are altogether seductive, inviting us in. Through an open portal behind Saint Thomas we glimpse a garden with an exquisite fountain. It is not a space mathematically organized under rules of strict perspective. But neither do we relate to it as an eye fixed at a point. We are drawn in, our feelings are aroused, our curiosity awakened. Like everything else in this extraordinary exhibition this picture addresses us as participants rather than as witnesses—as if we were among the faithful rather than mere visual judges—enlarging rather than reducing those for whom it brings messages of great assurance and joy. It is a show you cannot see too many times. ☐

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 290*)

political reliability. This is the reasoning that denied the 1964 Lenin Prize to Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*, faulted for its lack of militant spirit. (Compare the sotto voce impetus behind the current Courbet exhibition, co-organized by Nochlin—to affirm the role of the artist-as-revolutionary.) Innocent of history, my complainants are eager to revive its illusions.

No masterpieces, really? It is one thing to understand the politics of taste-making (a politics in which Nochlin is an established power broker); it is something else to pretend these policies nullify degrees of talent or achievement. Similarly, the depreciation of conventional criteria for "objective" judgment—manual skill, control of color and value, anatomy, and so on—does not cancel the reality that some art is good, some bad. (The blind can argue the metaphysics of that all they like.) What B/S call "the most basic claims of feminism" are not furthered by crippling denials of excellence.

Idealist art history? Elitist art-market rankings? What a muddle of distortion and naïveté this is. My discussion of Stettheimer closed with the suggestion that art history is invented as it goes and is inseparable from the history of patronage. Nochlin is in no position to admit anything so irksome to the art historical edifice, a supporting structure of the art market. Contributing editor of *Art in America*, Nochlin enhances the market by lending it a scholar's prestige. And the market returns the compliment. The December issue of *Art News* has a photo of Nochlin posing in her living room in front of a double wedding portrait of herself and her husband. It is by Phillip Pearlstein, world-class High Artist and practitioner of the tainted nude. As property, it is as exclusive as downtown Tokyo real estate.

Nonexistent girls' club? The memories of Maud Lavin, Eunice Lipton, Sally Stein and Brian Wallis must be bent in perpetual *fondu*. Networking has been the acknowledged raison d'être of the feminist art movement for nearly twenty years. The circuitry was developed through the 1970s by projects like Miriam Schapiro's "Womanhouse," a laboratory for creating feminist iconography; by the extensive women's art communities in New York and Los Angeles; by the Feminist Art Institute and such feminist galleries as the well-known A.I.R.; the national Women's Caucus to the College Art Association; and house organs like *Women's Art Journal* and *Heresies*. The movement is multicultural, multiracial and multinational? So is the Catholic Church, its catechism presided over by a caste of priests as uncongenial to dissent as Nochlin and her co-communicants.

Notice the rise in pitch in that final part about "the larger project of social change." These aggrieved progressives are in a reformist mood and cannot tolerate the thought that art can be enjoyed—like sex—for its own sake while the revolution is carried on elsewhere. Anything so inglorious as pleasure would lower the tone of the neighborhood. Just how is art supposed to advance the Grand Design? The only art movement in this century to have the slightest, if any, effect on real politics was Futurism, which flattered the cognoscenti of Italian Fascism. During the Reagan-Bush Administration, homelessness skyrocketed and poverty deepened. This has been accompanied by a quantum leap in the amount of money and attention spent on art—record prices, increased museum construction, greater funding for art education, a rise in museum attendance, the growth of development corporations (e.g., Independent Curators Inc.) to promote new art and greater press coverage. Political art, fashionable for its radical cachet, is as convertible to cash as any other kind. This should signal art's irrelevance as a political act. An artistic conscience and a social conscience are not the same, and there's too much at stake to confuse them. *Maureen Mullarkey*

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C	I	R	C	L	I	N	G	■	P	I	R	A	T	E
O	■	■	■	I	■	S	■	W	■	G	■	■	■	S
R	O	B	I	N	S	■	M	A	C	H	I	N	E	S
K	■	A	■	G	■	T	■	G	■	F	■	O	■	■
S	A	S	H	■	R	E	V	E	A	L	■	M	I	L
C	■	K	■	J	■	N	■	S	■	Y	■	I	■	A
R	A	E	B	U	R	N	■	W	H	I	T	N	E	Y
E	■	T	■	T	S	I	■	A	■	N	■	A	■	E
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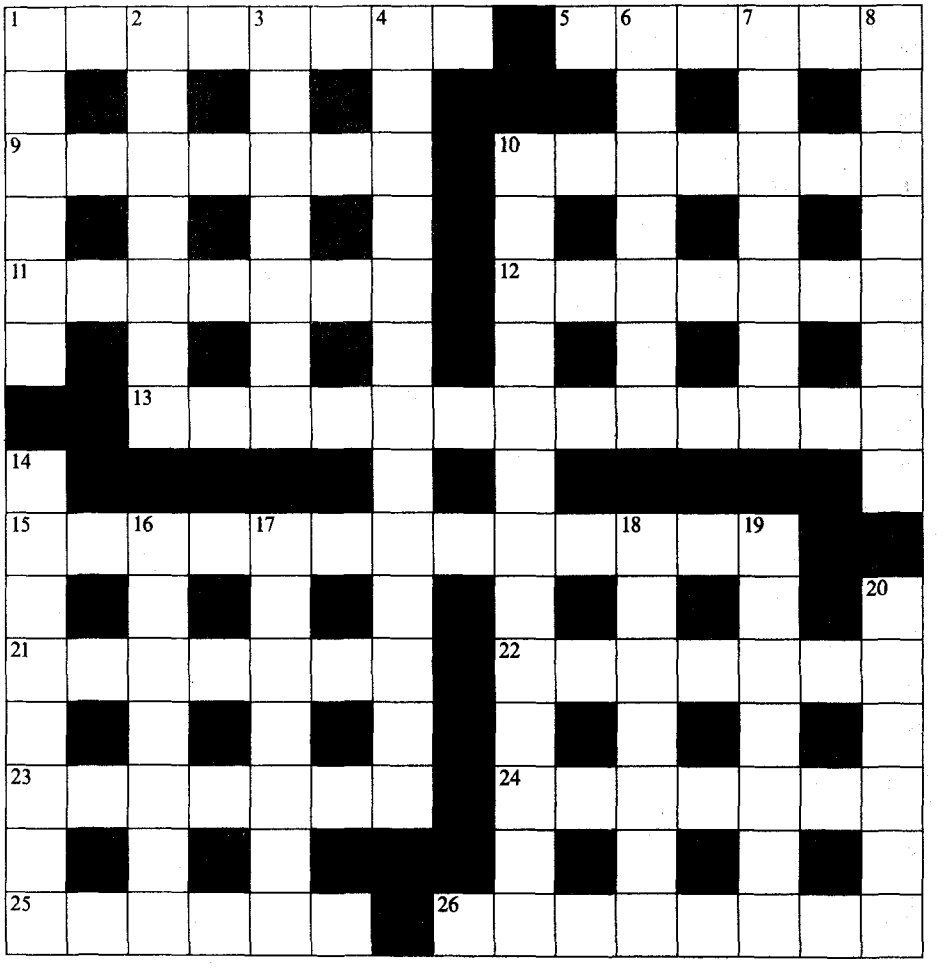
FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 20 down Boston is in what might be "in camera" with the French shivering and shaking! (8,6)
5 Some might remember Reese as being a little marble. (6)
9 What Utah once was could be described as a very dry place, around the east. (7)
10 Such engines quit working with less trouble? (7)
11 With certain clientele, men tend to display gold or silver, perhaps. (7)
12 A Semite of ancient Syria—the area man found with some difficulty. (7)
13 Small-time criminals living next door—or other small areas of the city? (13)
15 It might be quite a stroke to support farm help that has energy and initiative. (8,5)
21 The last comedy of Terence furnishes a place for the oracle. (7)
22 If someone says what someone said, this might be the last thing said. (7)
23 One isn't invited to do so, being sort of ruined around the start of 24. (7)
24 Sounds like the beverage served with good china is prolific here. (7)
25 It takes a certain sense to be seeking out something this way. (7)
26 Peter is wrong to have all the points but one, but you shouldn't believe things like this! (8)

DOWN

1 and 17 down Actress that could cast a sort of ray, due to being "with it" to give off light. (6,7)
2 Sculptor taking the wrong step—a German one. (7)
3 A British prime minister lost his head with one from the Middle East. (7)
4 Does it reputedly rescue a number of baseball players? (1,6,2,4)
6 Pine, yew, ash—there's no point to them? That's nonsense! (7)
7 What the cab driver asks? To what end? (7)
8 Simplicity? (Sees a sin and makes it right!) (8)
10 What's the result of his game? Solitaire, perhaps. (7,6)
14 An undergarment is put up on this—possibly something rubber made. (8)
16 Makes a secret arrangement. (7)
17 See 1 down
18 How the romantic version of the knight was engaged? It might be held over the body. (7)
19 Upsetting noise—or anything else that could be wearing. (7)
20 See 1 across

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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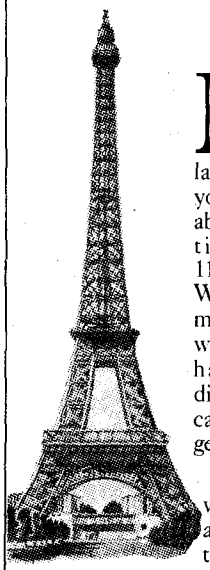

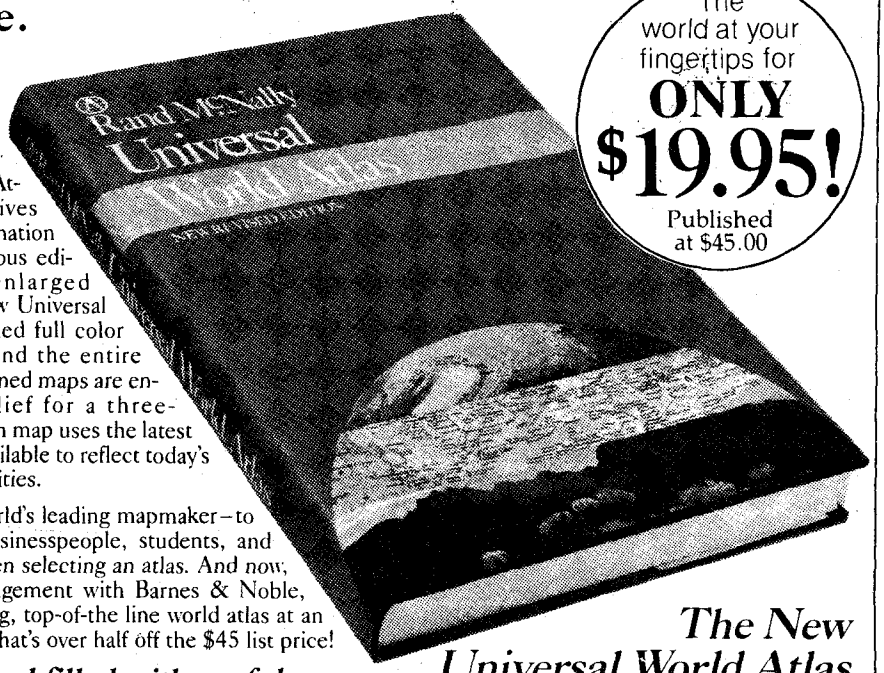

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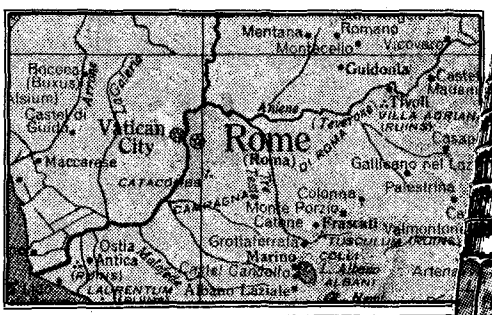

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